

The Leader.

"The one Idea which History exhibits as evermore developing itself into greater distinctness is the Idea of Humanity—the noble endeavour to throw down all the barriers erected between men by prejudice and one-sided views; and by setting aside the distinctions of Religion, Country, and Colour, to treat the whole Human race as one brotherhood, having one great object—the free development of our spiritual nature."—*Humboldt's Cosmos.*

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

[PRICE SIXPENCE.]

News of the Week.

PAINFUL is the story of the last days of the **ABERDEEN** Cabinet; although we are glad to get over a crisis which appeared to be necessary in order to release the country and its military administration from the trammels of routine. On the whole, as it departs—while we cannot follow all its members with our confidence—while we must distinctly reprobate the conduct of that leading man whose movement occasioned the disruption—we must admit that its character stands high amongst Cabinets for integrity of purpose and the general purity of its administration.

The debate which, on Monday night, came to a conclusion so fatal to the Government, differed in its last stages from the earlier part. Mr. ROEBUCK broke down with illness, and could not sustain his motion for inquiry into the administration of the war with reference to the disasters in the Crimea; nevertheless, Mr. SIDNEY HERBERT did something to soften the charges floating about, and to land them on the system rather than the chief Ministers. By Monday, however, it began to be understood that the Whig defection had settled the division before the debate. Even in the hands of Mr. GLADSTONE the defence of ministers flagged. Members of the Government openly deserted. Mr. OSBORNE proclaimed the Horse Guards and the whole military system to be "rotten from top to bottom." What need, then, of Mr. DISRAELI's debating attack on individual Ministers? What need, we might almost say, of Mr. STAFFORD's unadorned and unexaggerated report of the state of things in the hospitals and the camp? The House had practically divided before the debate recommenced; and it only remained for the tellers to report that the motion which Mr. ROEBUCK could not advocate was carried by 305 to 148—a majority of 157.

The result was received without a cheer. There were no party triumphs; there was no desire to pursue the defeated. The Whigs, who had succeeded in their "dodge," were half ashamed of their success, and could scarcely crow over their defeated colleagues. But the House of Commons, agreeing with the country, declared, by the motion, its total hatred of the system under which the war had flagged, and its resolve not to continue a Ministry which had not been successful in putting an end to that system. We will not have

it any longer—that is what the majority of 157 means.

"The next ministry?"—that became the urgent question. The House of Commons adjourned till next day, again adjourned till Thursday, and then till Friday,—sitting on that day only to witness the presentation of thanks to Sir DE LACY EVANS. The House of Lords listened on Monday to Earl GREY's revised proposition for a military "board," like the Admiralty Board, which he withdrew because of the Ministerial crisis; on Tuesday the Peers marked their annual observance of King CHARLES I.'s decapitation by not sitting; and did not meet till Thursday. In the mean while the QUEEN sent for one statesman after another. Lord ABERDEEN went to report the resignation of his own Cabinet. Lord DERBY went by summons to receive authority for forming a new Ministry, and went again on Thursday to report that total failure; which he reported to the House of Lords in the evening. In the mean while a cry had grown up in almost every quarter—it had been preparing for some weeks, if not months—Lord JOHN himself echoed it—every town in the country now reverberated with it—a cry for Lord PALMERSTON. And it is now fully expected that he will form a Cabinet, possibly with Lord LANSDOWNE as nominal Premier, to strengthen the cast with the authority of respectable tradition;—by way of padding between the intractable Secretary and the tender dignity of the Court: between the disgrace of December, '51, and the triumph of February, '55. As we write, Lord CLARENDON is "sent for," and the defeat is lapsing into a modification.

On Thursday evening, besides the Ministerial explanation, there was a personal explanation by the Duke of NEWCASTLE. This capped the evidence against Lord JOHN RUSSELL. We now have the statement of four of his colleagues—the Duke, the Premier, the Chancellor, and the Home Secretary; and the course pursued by Lord JOHN is clear. While performing the part of a "provincial lecturer," as the *Times* says, he caught the ideas of that ungrateful organ—picked a plan for remodelling the army departments out of the archives of the Duke of RICHMOND—touched it up—sent it to Lord ABERDEEN, and required its adoption by the Cabinet, almost confessedly, for the purpose of ousting the Duke of NEWCASTLE. Subsequently, on the advice of a friend, in conversation with Lord ABERDEEN, he said that he had changed his mind, and the subject dropped.

In the mean while there arose a general Whig expectation that, by hook or by crook, the Peelites would be expelled from office. When Mr. ROEBUCK's motion was notified, the opportunity was offered by which the Whigs, resigning their posts, "drew the linchpin from the carriage," and the whole fabric of the Cabinet fell down. General indignation and surprise, and demand of explanation; on which Lord JOHN says that the Duke of NEWCASTLE had so strong a wish to retain the War department, as to make his colleagues reject the plan of consolidation; that other suggestions were not adopted; and he, Lord JOHN, left the Ministry because he could not defend its War administration, which he would have altered. Now, it turns out that if the plan was not adopted, it was not rejected, but withdrawn. The Duke had no strong wish to retain office, but offered to resign it. Lord JOHN's suggestions were carried out, and, indeed, anticipated; but he suppressed the reasons why they were delayed. In short, he kept his colleagues in the dark, before he suddenly abandoned them; and after he had executed that unprecedented evolution, he endeavoured to keep the public in the dark. The Duke of NEWCASTLE had the misfortune to be personally attached to an inevitable failure. The evidence for a correct judgment of his own share, however, is rapidly accumulating; and the noble disinterestedness with which, for the service of the country, he placed himself, first, at the disposal of the Prime Minister, and afterwards at the disposal of Parliament, will mark him out, if not as a model for a War Minister, as an example of patriotism and single purpose which has become rare amongst statesmen. We remember few Parliamentary episodes more affecting than the DUKE's vindication, more jarring than the shrill jests of that *mauvais plaisant*, Lord DERBY.

Our contemporaries appear to labour under apprehension that the crisis in this country will obstruct the progress of the alliance on the Continent, arrest the best movements, and precipitate a disgraceful peace. We cannot venture to contradict that fear, and yet we do not entirely share it, for the very reasons which have made us hold a reserve in the confidence given to the Allied Powers. France is not a commonwealth, nor is Austria. Whatever sagacity and good faith may reside in the Governments of Paris and Vienna, the qualities are personal and not institutional. The conduct of affairs, therefore, resides with individuals, and not with the public. Now,

the multitude may be led wrong by very superficial mistakes, and under a popular impulse great disasters may be precipitated which the multitude itself will be the first to repent. It is not, however, to be supposed that men like *DEBOUT DE LUNES*, *PERSIGNY*, or *LOUIS NAPOLEON*—*BUOL*, *BACH*, or *BRUCK*—are so totally ignorant of the real meaning of Parliamentary business in this country as to suppose that the action of our Government will be suspended or reversed because the personnel of the Cabinet is changed, because the administration of the war is changed for want of energy, or because our military authorities are embarrassed in their supine slowness by an angry inquiry that may introduce greater activity into our politico-military operations. Austrian and French statesmen, we say, will be able to weigh and measure these considerations with a cooler and more foreseeing judgment than great numbers even in this country; and we may suppose that they will continue the movement as they have hitherto carried it on, calmly waiting to take up the British Government at the next stage when it shall have been reconstituted. If the Crown should appoint a bad Government, if Ministers should enter office for the purpose of betraying the country—then, indeed, they may perform that part in the Alliance which Lord JOHN RUSSELL has performed in the Cabinet. But the simple Ministerial crisis, we insist, is not likely to have any serious effect upon the Alliance, while a really improved Government would have a beneficial effect.

The constancy with which the larger movements on the Continent have been proceeding, is marked by some of the latest incidents. The secret despatch accompanying Count *BUOL*'s published despatch to the German Governments on the 14th of January has been published, and in it we find the Austrian statesmen inviting the German States, should the Bund not affirm the Austrian proposition, to unite their fortune with the Empire and share "the gains of the war." The gains of war! Austria, then, contemplates a warfare, in which one side or other shall have "gains" to divide. The Confederation has refused the Austrian proposition for mobilisation of the Federal troops, and has adopted the Bavarian compromise—that of placing the troops on a war footing. This will strengthen Prussia, who, in her last published despatch, on the 21st of January, is still tracing her mystic nonsense, claiming admission to the Conference in Vienna, while practically operating as the ally of Russia, although abstaining from an avowal of that character. Switzerland, it is said, has imitated Piedmont in permitting the passage of French troops. To strengthen the military resources of Austria, the little Republic, it is understood, will lend a contingent of 15,000 men to that force. The war movements on the Continent, therefore, are marching.

"Justice" has been at some of its odd work. The Court of Admiralty has been gravely instructing ship-owners, that if they attempt to break a blockade they do it at their own peril. Mr. Justice COLERIDGE has been gravely telling the publisher of the *Times*, that public journals may canvass the public conduct of men, but not their private conduct—a remark drawn forth by animadversions on the public conduct of the Chairman and Directors of a railway company, which the great journal considered open to grave suspicion. Push Mr. Justice COLERIDGE's rule home, and it would teach us that we must not suspect public men, but only judge them by acts and public professions! While a very young girl is convicted of "concealing" the birth of an infant whom she was accused of killing—the usual case of the *MARGARET* of some unknown *FAUST*—and is sentenced to two years' imprisonment with hard labour, a man, convicted of killing his intemperate wife by kicking her, is sentenced to one year's imprisonment with hard labour. The jury were not young girls, perplexed by the delirious problems of a premature maternity; but probably they were all husbands, and knew what provocation was. To conceal the life of an infant is

twice as great a crime as to kick a woman to death.

Some results are remarkable in their collateral incidents rather than their direct issues. *BURNELL*, committed to custody on a coroner's warrant, becomes, by a burlesque of tragedy ludicrously disgusting, the object of a conflict between a Coroner and Police, both of whom claimed the right of holding him in custody. There are counter orders and counter warrants; policemen and parish constables fall to personal contests; there is a race of cabs from the hospital where the inquest was held to the station. Sir *RICHARD MAYNE*, consulting his own dignity, leaves his august rival, *CORONER WAKLEY*, to carry out his victory in war with the Peelers; and thus it is that "justice" conducts its procession from the judicial chamber in the first instance to Newgate!

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT.

ROUT OF MINISTERS.

The fate of the Aberdeen Ministry was determined, on Monday night, after a long debate full of interest and animation. It will be remembered that Mr. STAFFORD moved the adjournment last week, and the duty of renewing it fell upon him this week. He did not make a speech of the usual Parliamentary stamp, but he gave an unvarnished and affecting narration of facts that had come under his own eyes in the hospitals of Scutari and Balaklava.

Glad to hear that Government had determined to open a large hospital at Smyrna, he described that at Scutari as situated in an unhealthy position between two seas, while the atmosphere of Constantinople was unfavourable to the healing of wounds. The hospital at Abydos was situated in a well chosen spot, and would succeed if the stores were ready. Passing on to the Scutari hospitals, he dwelt on the benefits which had accrued from the *Times*' fund, so delicately yet boldly distributed by the gentlemen in charge of it. The hospital at Scutari had been greatly improved; but it has radical defects which can never be cured. It had never been anything else but unhealthy. He had found that the corridors and wards were floored with porous unglazed tiles; on these mattresses were placed; and in the absence of vessels of all kinds the tiles had become saturated with feculent matter, which could not be washed away without endangering all the patients. It was swept repeatedly, but the original stain remained, surcharging the atmosphere with its noxious exhalations, so that all who entered caught the prevailing disease. The doctors are not entirely to be blamed; there was a want of proper instructions from home. Next he described the condition of convalescents on board a ship bound for the Crimea. There were three hundred, nearly all without their knapsacks, the knapsacks being in the hold of a ship one hundred yards off under a pile of cargo. They had made four voyages to and fro in the Black Sea, since the troops first landed. He took a boat and tried to get them, but could only obtain tea! On visiting the hospital at Balaklava, now greatly improved, he found no cleanliness, no ventilation, not a single sheet, not a mattress, not one medical comfort. There were nine men lying on the boards in one room and fourteen in another; yet there were bedsteads in the passage between the two. The men said all was done for them that could be done; but the orderlies denounced the doctors, and the doctors denounced the orderlies; while between the two the patients were dying. The same day he found one of the convalescents sitting in the street, ready to drop with fatigue and hunger, and nobody to show him the way to the hospital. Mr. Stafford took him thither, and insisted on his being put to bed. The next day the man died in delirium. Another man, who could only eat sago, was not allowed to have more than his allowance of that instead of other food, and he left him sinking more from starvation than disease.

Riding out one morning towards the camp, he passed a man lying down by the roadside in the last stage of diarrhoea. As he passed he heard the man say, not addressing any one in particular, "Will anybody take me away or kill me?" On this he dismounted and asked the man how he came there? "They have been moving me down from the camp," he said, "to put me on board ship, but they have left me here, and I don't know what they are going to do with me, but I wish they would either kill me or take me away." There were four or five others close by in even a worse condition, inasmuch as they could not speak, while this man could; and, on turning towards the camp, he saw coming towards him a long procession of our wounded soldiers, being brought down from the camp on French mules and in French ambulances. He would do the French soldiers the justice of saying, that no countrymen could have behaved with greater kindness to these poor fellows. (Loud cheers.) They lifted them gently from the panniers in which they were placed, but there were no arrangements made to receive them, and there they lay on the shore until the two boats appointed to receive them carried them on board the ships. So bad were the roads, that some of the wounded, he believed, had been all night on the way, with nothing to cover them but a great coat and a blanket, stained and rotten with ordure. So he found them on board the *Avon*, lying on the bare boards—no mattresses, no sheets, no bedsteads of course—with nothing

to cover them there but the same filthy blanket. The sick in the *Avon* were covered with soup made of whole peas! They had only filthy blankets; and at his urgent request the doctor washed routine, and at his order the captain issued ninety-six blankets, which Mr. Stafford and his servant gave out to the sick. (The first indication he witnessed of the arrival of the sick and wounded in the Bosphorus was preceded by dead bodies, rolled in blankets, washed ashore near the quay at Scutari. They had been thrown overboard without a cannon-ball to sink them! He had visited the French hospitals, and had found them so clean and well ventilated that it was observed, it seemed as if the French had been there ten years, and that the English had come the day before. Gloomy as was the picture he was now drawing, he must congratulate the Secretary at War on the sending out of the female nurses last autumn. Success more complete never attended human effort than that which had resulted from this excellent measure. They could scarcely realise, without personally seeing it, the heartfelt gratitude of the soldiers to these noble ladies, or the amount of misery they had relieved, or the degree of comfort—he might say of joy—they had diffused; and it was impossible to do justice, not only to the kindness of heart, but to the clever judgment, ready intelligence, and the experience displayed by the distinguished lady to whom this difficult mission had been intrusted. (Cheers.) If Scutari was not altogether as we would wish it to be, it was because of the inadequate powers confided to Miss Nightingale; and if the Government did not stand by her and her devoted band, and repel unfounded and ungenerous attacks made upon them—if it did not consult their wishes and yield to their superior judgment in many respects—it would deserve the execration of the public. A French officer, alluding to our commissariat and other departments, remarked to him that we seemed to follow the system of the middle-ages rather than the principles of modern science, and that his nation regretted our backwardness the more because they saw what noble lives it caused us to sacrifice. This observation was perfectly true, and was made in a hostile spirit. . . . With regard to our own officers, he must say that, while engaged in writing soldiers' letters in our hospitals, he never heard, much less was he asked to write, a single word of complaint against any officer. Indeed, the men's expressions of gratitude to their officers were highly honourable to the men themselves, and no less so to their officers. One name in particular was mentioned with enthusiasm, admiration, and gratitude—he meant that of his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, who seemed to possess the happy art, even in the din of battle, of saying a kind word or doing a kind act, which his men would remember to the latest hour of their lives. But how should he describe to the House the loyalty of these brave and suffering fellows towards their Sovereign? When the news of the autograph letter of her Majesty reached the hospital at Scutari, he believed there never was spent, within the walls of such an establishment, a happier night than that which followed the proclamation of the cheering and consolatory tidings of their Queen's sympathy and concern for their affliction. He saw one poor fellow proposing to drink the Queen's health with a preparation of bark and quinine, which he was ordered to take as a medicine, and when Mr. Stafford remarked that the draught was a bitter one for such a toast, the man smilingly replied—"Yes, and but for these consoling words I could not get it down." (Laughter.) This anecdote was told to his fellow-sufferers, and this was the way in which they sweetened their bitter draughts. He had no notion of the noble qualities possessed by these brave men until he lived and laboured among them. Fervent exclamations of humble piety and sincere penitence we heard escaping from their dying lips. Unceasing pain and approaching death failed to unman those gallant spirits, and it was only when charging him with their last message to those near and dear to them that their voices were noticed to falter. Once, indeed, a brave fellow, who bore the highest character in his regiment, when on his death-bed, uttered to him these words—"Had I been better treated I might have gone back to my duty in the field, and there I should have been ready to meet the soldiers of the enemy; but England has not cared for me." These words caused to Mr. Stafford's mind the deepest pain, but he felt convinced that England did care for her soldiers; indeed, from what he had seen of the feeling of this country since his return, he believed that there was comparatively nothing else for which the people of England cared as much as for the welfare of them who fought their battles.

Mr. Stafford defended the press, and said he could endorse the statements of the *Times*. The question before the House was, whether the system which had engendered such disasters should continue or be abolished? The thanks Parliament had voted would be a mockery if they did not burst the trammels of routine and save an army.

The question thus clearly put by Mr. Stafford was taken up by the Secretary of the Admiralty in a way that astonished the House. After declaring that there had been no charge made against the Admiralty, Mr. Ralph Osborne said he would not put his vote on that, and then launched into an assault upon the military system. Does it tend to develop military talent? No. Look how the staff of the army is composed. Talk of consolidation! You must reconstruct your system—you must have an army that can not only win battles but go through a campaign. You must lay an unsparring hand upon that building adjacent to these premises—you must see whether you can find a Hercules to turn the Serpentine through the Horns Guards and all the ramifications of the War-office. [These assertions were frantically cheered by the opposition.] Interest and connexion, not capacity and knowledge, obtained appointments on the staff. Not one-third of the staff in the Crimea can speak French or draw a common field plan. How can you get generals when every step in promotion must be

purchased—a Lieutenant-colonel's commission costing at the fixed price 45000? "How is it possible, then, that any but a rich man can enter the army?" [Here a cry of "Question" arose from the Treasury bench.] "I think this is speaking to the question," resumed Mr. Osborne, "this is going to your system, which I maintain is rotten." (*Tremendous cheering.*) He was told it was not for a person in his situation to speak—but the safety of the whole army is at stake, and truth must be told. "If you constitute another army on the same footing it will not do any better. It is not enough that they should win battles, they must go through campaigns, and we have seen the lamentable and disgraceful way in which this war has been conducted." It was painful to him to make that statement. [Here the House laughed.] "I have a superior duty to perform," retorted Mr. Osborne; "I represent a constituency." Convinced that Lord Aberdeen is not only a good Liberal, but an honest and conscientious politician, he for one would not desert him. He had felt it his duty to speak unpalatable truths.

Mr. HENLEY followed, and the feeling of the House subsided. The position he took up was that ministers had not done what they ought with the means at their disposal. Why had they only a collection of regiments and not an army? Why had they no wagon train, when they could get any amount of wagons and practised men they pleased? Why was a difficulty made of transporting 50,000 men, and 250,000 tons of stores to the Crimea? The men could not get the heaps of stores at Balaklava, because their ranks were thinned, and Government had neglected to reinforce them. Hundreds of men would have undertaken to transport these stores to the camp, and have laughed at it. The Government had had *carte blanche* as to money, and the whole people at their back; they might have had advice, but they did not seek it; they fail miserably, and then say that the system is a bad one. He put aside the pretence that the motion was either inconvenient, unconstitutional, or indirect; the Government had failed; and Parliament should mark its utter disapproval of the way they had conducted the war.

For some time now the minor speakers had it all their own way. Admiral BERKELEY defended the Admiralty, Mr. W. BERNARD vindicated Lord Raglan, and urged an enquiry. Mr. RICH spoke up for reforms, but would not vote for enquiry. Mr. MILLER, who was for enquiry, attributed all the evils to the War-office.

Sir FRANCIS BAKING decided not to vote for enquiry, because it would paralyse those departments which should be especially active. By voting for the motion as a vote of censure, and getting rid of it afterwards, the House would act in an unworthy manner. At the same time, the revelations made by Lord John Russell would prevent him from voting for the motion as a vote of confidence in the Government. Lord Aberdeen had refused Lord John Russell's proposal on insufficient grounds; he had listened to private affections, instead of doing a painful duty. Lord John had manfully undertaken the invidious task of making the first move to get rid of the Duke of Newcastle, and he wished his colleagues had supported him.

Mr. BENTINCK severely condemned the conduct of the Government, and exonerated Lord Raglan. Mr. RICH sustained Lord John's position, said he should vote for enquiry, and condemned the mode of conducting the war.

Sir BULWER LYTTON put the case of the Opposition. If the House acquiesced in the continuance in power of the present Ministers, they would be servile accomplices in the sacrifice of a noble army. Lord John Russell had resigned rather than resist inquiry, and would the House be more complaisant than the noble lord? Should they reject the motion because it is a motion for inquiry when it should be a vote of censure? Take it, then, as a vote of censure, and let it so stand as a precedent to other times, if other times should be as grievously afflicted under a similar administration!

He next arraigned Ministers for having gone to war without sufficient information, ignorant of the power and resources of the enemy, of the nature of the climate, of the supplies the army should receive. Entering into a military criticism on the faith of letters from a young officer who had died in the Crimea, he condemned the Government for not buying mules at Gallipoli (!); for having encamped the troops at Varna; for having spared Odessa. Is Odessa spared for motives of humanity? Why, to spare Odessa—that nursery, granary, market, feeder of Sebastopol—was the grossest inhumanity to the army that moulders piecemeal under the walls of Sebastopol. Had Odessa been taken—it need not have been destroyed—our troops could have wintered there. The first proof of feeble incapacity links itself with the last. He charged the Government with taking the troops to the Crimea at a season of the year especially unhealthy. Even a common book like Mr. McCulloch's Dictionary would have told them that the climate was unhealthy in the autumn. Yet they landed the army without transport, and twice in one campaign exposed it in unhealthy situations. They ought to have foreseen the hurricanes, the rains, the mud; they ought to have anticipated Mr. Peto, and have constructed a road when the Russians took their only road from them. He rated Ministers for calling Parliament together to pass two bills, one of which remained a dead letter. The country looked to the Parliament, and would they desert the country?

Men said, "What is to be done?" Lord John Russell is a shrewd man; his resignation is significant of what should be done. Sir Bulwer perorated thus:—

"There is one indispensable element of a Coalition, and that is, that its members should coalesce. (*Lord cheers and laughter.*) It is that element which seems to me wanting in the present Cabinet. It has been a union of party interests, but not a Coalition of party sentiment and feeling. (*Cheers.*) It was a jest of Lord Chesterfield's, when a man of very obscure family married the daughter of a lady to whom scandal ascribed a large number of successful admirers, that 'nobody's son had just married everybody's daughter.' (*Great laughter.*) If I may parody that jest, I would say of this Government, that everybody's principles had united with nobody's opinions. (*Laughter.*) It is dimly intimated that the noble lord—now in a state of transition—but after all he is equally illustrious as the member for Tiverton—it is intimated that the noble lord the member for Tiverton is intended for an appointment some months ago would have satisfied the country and saved the Government. I fear now that it may be too late, and among his greatest dangers will be the armed neutrality of his unsuccessful advocate and noble friend. (*Laughter.*) That noble lord, the member for London, on Friday last, attempted, not triumphantly, to vindicate the Whigs from the charge of being an exclusive party that required all power for itself. (*"Hear, hear," from Lord J. Russell;*) and he found a solitary instance for the refutation of that charge in the magnanimity with which the Whigs had consented to that display of power which his desertion now recants and condemns. But in plain words his vindication only amounts to this, that where the Whigs could not get all the power, they reluctantly consented to accept half. (*Much laughter.*) Now, gentlemen opposite will, perhaps, pardon me if I say, that I think the secret of Whig exclusiveness and Whig ascendancy has been mainly this:—You, the large body of independent liberal politicians, the advocates for progress, have supposed, from the memory of former contests now ended, that while England is advancing, a large section of your countrymen, with no visible interest in existing abuses, is for standing still; and thus you have given, not to yourselves, but to a small hereditary combination of great families—(*"Hear, hear," from Mr. Bright;*)—a fictitious monopoly of liberal policy—a genuine monopoly of lethargic Government. It is my firm belief that any Administration, formed from either side of the House, should be so unfortunate as to lose the present, would be as fully alive to the necessity of popular measures, of steady progress—(*"Hear, hear," from Lord J. Russell;*)—of sympathy with the free and enlightened people they might aspire to govern, as any of those great men who are democrats in opposition and oligarchs in office. (*Lord cheers.*) But to me individually and to the public it is a matter of comparative indifference from what section of men a Government at this moment shall be formed, so long as it manfully represents the great cause to which the honour and safety of England are committed, and carries into practical execution the spirit that animates the humblest tradesman, the poorest artisan who has sent his scanty earnings to the relief of our suffering army. (*Cheers.*) It has been said, as the crowning excuse for the Government, that all our preceding wars have begun with blunders. Were this an arena for historical disquisition I should deny that fact, but grant it for the sake of argument. How were those blunders repaired and converted into triumphs? I know a case in point. Once in the last century there was a Duke of Newcastle, who presided over the conduct of a war, and was supported by a powerful league of aristocratic combinations. That war was, indeed, a series of blunders and disasters. In vain attempts were made to patch up that luckless Ministry—in vain some drops of healthful blood were infused into its feeble and decrepit constitution—the people at last became aroused, indignant, irresistible. They applied one remedy; that remedy is now before ourselves. They dismissed their Government and saved their army." (*Lord and prolonged cheering.*)

Mr. GLADSTONE elaborately insisted, with his usual force and dexterity, that the motion involved not only the fate of the Government, but the condition of the army, and the function of the House of Commons to remedy great national evils. Sir Bulwer Lytton said the Government was a union of interests; Mr. Gladstone protested against that declaration. From Lord John he had always received a cordial support in all the measures he had brought forward. Mr. Gladstone explained the position of the Government in relation to Lord John. At the time he resigned his colleagues were not aware that any difference existed between them and him. He made a proposal last November; it was declined; the correspondence on the subject closed on the 3rd of December; on the 16th, Lord Aberdeen asked Lord John whether he adhered to his proposal, and he said he did not, he had changed his intentions—convinced that the time was not fitting. Well, his colleagues regarded the proposal made in November, not as a proposal kept alive, but as a proposal definitively abandoned. In November Lord John wrote to the Duke of Newcastle, saying that the Duke had done every thing in office it was possible for him to do. Even so late as Saturday week Lord John had been a consenting party to a plan modifying the military departments. He had said that he thought his amendments would not be adopted. What reason had he for thinking they would not? Ministers had not then shown a reckless disregard of opinion in meeting Parliament. What course could Ministers have taken? Had they made an interchange of offices it would have enhanced suspicion. Neither could abandon office under the pressure of a hostile motion. Few Englishmen will not freely own that it was the duty of Government, having conducted affairs up to the time when they incurred censure, not to shrink from that censure. "If we had shrunk from the motion, I think I may describe the

terms in which I would have written the epitaph on our graves. It would be thus: 'Here lie the dishonoured ashes of a Ministry which found England in peace and left it in war; which was content with the emoluments of office, and wielded the sceptre of power as long as no man had the courage to question their existence; but when they saw the storm gathering over the country, and heard the accounts of the sick and wounded in the East, these things did not move them; but when they were threatened with the thunderbolt launched by the hon. and learned member for Sheffield, they were glad to accept their punishment by the abandonment of their duty.' (*Cheers.*) He should not attempt to weaken the sense of interest felt in the condition of the army. It is the absorbing question of the time. As Mr. Stafford says, the people of England care for little else. But we must put a check on feeling and come to a fair appreciation of facts. The difficulties of the army are diminishing; warm clothing has been issued; there is less sickness; all the railway plant has arrived out, and three weeks after they begin the railway will be completed. By an arrangement between Lord Raglan and General Canrobert such a French force has been supplied as diminishes, by 1500 men, the number of English permanently in the trenches. Then with respect to the number of the army—excluding the sick list, there are upwards of 80,000 men engaged in military duties before Sebastopol. We are not yet driven to the conclusion that the finest army that ever left our shores is numbered among the things that were. What evils were unavoidable, and what might have been avoided, he would not say; but some gentlemen do not take a just estimate. Mr. Henley, for instance, thought it a matter of no difficulty to provide for an army three thousand miles off. He intimated also that the army has been starved from motives of economy. Mr. Gladstone was afraid it would be found that they had been driven into profusion. Taking up Sir Bulwer Lytton's criticisms, he showed the absurdity of talking about buying mules in the great market of that narrow strip of sand Gallipoli; and that McCulloch's Dictionary states that there is nothing in the climate of the southern part of the Crimea to prevent it becoming the scene of military operations. Why spare Odessa? Sir Bulwer forgot when he said Odessa ought to have been taken that it was an open town of 140,000 inhabitants, and close to large Russian armies. As to the war department, it is untrue to say that nothing has been done to improve it. The commissariat has been separated from the board of transit; the Minié rifle has been introduced; the artillery has been freshly created; the militia has been organised. Because there were complaints, ought Lord Raglan to have been recalled? Ought his officers to have been recalled without communicating with him? Certainly not. One of Lord Raglan's most important duties had been the maintaining and confirming of the French alliance; and that he had ably performed. Mr. Gladstone contended that the vote of inquiry was without a precedent; for the Walcheren case was no precedent, for that was a completed expedition undertaken by us single-handed, and not with allies. The motion, if carried out, would ruin the expedition. If it were not carried out, it would be a disappointment to the country, and unworthy of the House to use a motion for the dispatch of a Government, and then to get rid of it afterwards. The inquiry would never take place as a real inquiry, but, if it did, it would lead to nothing but confusion, paralysis, increasing disaster, shame at home, and weakness abroad; it would carry no consolation to those whom they sought to aid, but of this they might be sure, that it would carry a malignant joy to the hearts of the enemies of England; and, for his own part, he should ever rejoice, if the motion should be carried; that his own last words, as a member of Lord Aberdeen's Government, were words of earnest and solemn protest against a proceeding which had no foundation either in the constitution or in the practice of preceding Parliaments—a resolution which was useless and mischievous for the purpose which it appeared to contemplate, and which, in his judgment, was full of danger to the power, dignity, and usefulness of the Commons of England.

Mr. DISRAELI adverted to the statement which had been made by Lord John Russell, and remarked that, after the declaration so made, it was impossible to resist Mr. Roebuck's motion. It could not be denied that a gallant army had perished. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had asserted that not more than 24,000 or 26,000 men had perished, out of a force of 54,000 or 56,000 men. Was not that a proper subject for enquiry? Exaggeration, too, was alleged as regarded the state of the army in the Crimea. Was not that a worthy subject of enquiry? The motion was not for an enquiry into the war, but into the state of the army before Sebastopol. Mr. Disraeli maintained that such an enquiry was constitutional, and, in his opinion, would not be inconvenient. He protested against the imputation that the supporters of the motion were levelling their shafts against the Duke of Newcastle. For himself, he would never be a party to selecting one member of the Government and making him the scape-goat for offences which attached to all his colleagues. The Duke of Newcastle was not the only Minister engaged in the conduct of the war. There was the Home Secretary, who was entrusted with the militia, and the dilatory proceedings of the noble lord in adopting measures for rendering that force

available contrasted oddly with the declaration that Lord Palmerston was the only man capable of wielding with energy the War Department, and redeeming the fortunes of the war. With regard to Lord John Russell's revelations, he had listened to them with amazement. In the last century the transaction would have been described as a profligate intrigue, but it must now be spoken of in more euphonious phrases. He asked the House to say whether he was not right twelve months ago in saying that the Ministers had no confidence in themselves? Two years ago England was the leading power in Europe. Could as much be said now? Mr. Disraeli would vote for the motion as expressive of his opinion that the affairs of the country had been entrusted to a deplorable Administration.

LORD JOHN RUSSELL defended himself from the charge of having been engaged in a "profligate intrigue," and cited a case under Earl Grey's ministry where Lord Goderich had to quit the Colonial Office at the request of Earl Grey to make way for Lord Stanley. But Lord John did not defend himself from Mr. Gladstone's statements respecting his sudden resignation. Lord PALMERSTON said that the Government as a whole, took the responsibility. He admitted defects, and made a speech rather going against the motion as a dangerous precedent, than setting up any sort of defence for the Government. After him Mr. MUNTZ, Mr. THOMAS DUNCOMBE, and Mr. ROEBUCK spoke. Mr. Duncombe chiefly asked whether the inquiry would be carried out, otherwise to vote for it would be a mockery. Mr. Roebuck, in reply, said he certainly intended to proceed with the committee.

The House divided as follows:

For the motion	305
Against it	148

MAJORITY AGAINST MINISTERS ... 157

The result drew no cheers from the House. The House only sat on Wednesday to adjourn until Thursday, the House of Lords having adjourned until that day.

THE MINISTRY OF WAR.

On Monday night there was also an important discussion in the House of Lords, attended by about a dozen peers. Earl GREY moved this resolution:

"That it is the opinion of this House that great evils have arisen from the present division of authority and responsibility in the administration of the army, and that the whole of the business connected with this important branch of the public service, which is now distributed among different offices, ought, therefore, to be brought under the direct control of a single and well-organised department."

Twice before he had called attention to this subject. For the last twenty years endless recommendations have been made by committees and commissioners. Every secretary-at-war has felt keenly the defects of the department, but nothing has been done. Earl Grey cited instances to show the loss of time under the present system. Mr. Nasmyth had been stopped while in full work on his wrought-iron gun by a misunderstanding between the departments. A ship had been sent to the Cape to fetch home the 91st Regiment; the Duke of Newcastle had sent an order for it to come home, but Lord Hardinge had not, and the ship returned empty. Mr. Price suggested "candle stoves" for the use of the army. He was referred from the War-office to the Ordnance, and next to the War Minister. His suggestion was made before Christmas. On the 22nd of January he had received no answer. But it would be only just to the Government to say that the errors which had caused our want of success were of long standing—errors which no Government could have avoided since 1815. He complained that by our system of promotion by seniority, we restricted the field of selection of officers; that in time of peace our army is without instruction, instead of officers and men being made as perfect as possible in all that relates to their profession; that absence of instruction leads to ill-health and scandalous scenes; that with respect to the departments, there had been "too many cooks;" that the Commander-in-Chief, instead of being a General, was a Minister-of-War, deprived of the greater portion of the power he ought to possess; that our staff education is miserably deficient; and that the division of authority and independence of control was at the root of all our evils. To remedy this, he proposed that there should be something like the Admiralty; a consolidation of the offices of the Secretary-at-War, the Commander-in-Chief, the Ordnance and the Commissariat departments; that the Prime Minister should direct the war; that the Commander-in-Chief should be abolished, and the patronage of the army placed under the control of the Minister-of-War; and that a General should be appointed to organise the army.

The Duke of NEWCASTLE did not object to the motion. But he contended that the instances mentioned might have arisen under any system. The misunderstanding respecting the Nasmyth had arisen between the Admiralty and the Ordnance, and the Duke, on his own responsibility, had ordered Mr. Nasmyth to proceed. He had also ordered two hundred of Mr. Price's "Candle stoves," but he thought they were rather adapted for the hospital than the field. With respect to consolidation, there had been too much of it; and while he had been in office, he had been crushed by details. It had been found necessary to separate the administration of the army at home from the army in the field, to separate the transit from the Commissariat, to re-establish the old Transport Board. He had appointed a

military man of great ability to organise the transit service on military rules. He had sent a Commission to Paris to examine the French military system, and Lord Raglan had been instructed to appoint a commission in the camp; so that they would have the theory at Paris to compare with the practice before Sebastopol. He thought the medical department had broken down, and that the civil element must be admitted. As to a board for administration, the best board would be one with the minister at the head, and such a board, though not a legal one, had recently been periodically held. He fully admitted that material alterations are necessary; but under the circumstances, he asked Earl Grey to withdraw his motion.

LORD CAMPBELL urged him to proceed; but Lord ELLENBOROUGH, who expressed dislike of Lord Grey's plans, especially that relating to a board, enlarged on the inconvenience of placing an abstract resolution on the books at such a time. He had strongly expressed his opinion upon several occasions, that whatever the want of knowledge, or want of promptitude, or want of forethought, had been exhibited at home, he must say that he thought that he should be guilty of the grossest injustice to the Ministry, if he did not admit, upon the fullest consideration, that he had been able to give to the subject, that by far the greatest of the calamities by which the army was now oppressed in the Crimea, originated there, and not here. (Cheers.) If we had had a Duke of Wellington, or, in the event of sickness, a Sir George Murray, the public would never have heard of any, or if any, of only the smallest portion of the distresses which had there arisen. Believing this, he would not assent to any resolution of the purport of the present, as interpreted by the noble earl himself, which was to attribute to the effect of the departments here, or even to the conduct of the Government here, all the calamities which existed there.

Earl GREY withdrew his motion.

MINISTERIAL EXPLANATIONS.

Both Houses adjourned until Thursday; when it was expected that Lord ABERDEEN would make his statement. He fulfilled this expectation; and after stating that Ministers had resigned and only held office until their successors were appointed, he spoke as follows:—

"My lords, I wish to say that, in opposing the vote of Monday last, and in thinking that vote in some degree unconstitutional in itself and liable to many objections, it is not our desire to preclude any inquiry into our conduct. I believe that an impartial inquiry would fully establish that no indifference has existed to the wants of our army in the Crimea, or any absence of exertion and preparation for the supply of those wants, and for promoting the efficiency of their condition. This, therefore, I believe would be the result of an impartial inquiry into this subject, and especially my noble friend near me, the noble duke, I must consider to have met with great injustice. It is my conviction that the more his conduct is inquired into, the more will it be found marked by a degree of assiduity, labour, interest, and attention to the duties of his office that have never been exceeded, and I believe never can be. My lords, I am not at all surprised at the feeling which generally prevails throughout the country. The public, although they may not reason deeply, always feel rightly, and feel strongly. They see that misfortunes have occurred beyond the ordinary course of the calamities of war, and they very naturally turn to the Government as the object of censure, as it is to them that they look for the efficiency of the army and the right management of the war. I make no complaint with respect to this. I think it perfectly natural, and am ready to submit to the natural consequences. But, my lords, while I admit the sufferings and privations which our troops have endured in the Crimea, I must say that the representations which have been made have been very greatly exaggerated. I do not mean to say that of individual suffering—far from it, for I know that it has existed in a degree that has been both painful and heartrending—but what I mean is, that an inference has been drawn as to our military condition which I think has been grossly exaggerated. I see no cause whatever for discouragement or dismay on looking to that condition. On the contrary, I see every reason to indulge the most sanguine hopes of ultimate success. In the first place, the condition of our own forces has been recently greatly improved, for the provisions, the clothing, and all the other appliances have been recently increased, and very much tended to improve the actual condition of our troops. Our ally the Emperor of the French has told his legislative body, and through them has told Europe, that his army consists of 581,000 men. Since that time he has ordered an additional levy of 140,000; and with such a force as this, animated by the determined zeal with which he has espoused the cause in which we are both engaged—I say with such a force as this, if employed in anything like the same proportion in which we have devoted our army to the service, we are entitled to look with the utmost confidence to the issue of the war. Then, my lords, we have recently concluded a treaty with the King of Sardinia, by which there are placed at our disposal, for immediate embarkation to the Crimea, 15,000 admirable troops, to be put under the command of Lord Raglan. That is a most valuable and important addition to the forces in the Crimea. In addition to this, my lords, we have concluded a treaty with Austria, which is now brought to a point from which the most important advantages may be confidently anticipated. We have come to an understanding with the Austrian Government upon the terms of the peace that we have agreed to propose to the Emperor of Russia. The Austrian Cabinet has agreed to adopt those proposals, and the Russian Minister has accepted, or proposed to accept, those conditions so proposed, so understood by the Allied Powers. Now, my lords, Austria has also engaged that, if these terms be not accepted and do not lead to the conclusion of a peace, she will be prepared to

join her military efforts to our own. You see here, then, that there is the alternative of a peace which will acquire all the objects for which we are contending; or we shall receive the assistance of that great military Power, whose army is to be raised to the amount of 500,000 men. With these prospects it is impossible to conceive or to entertain unworthy apprehensions, notwithstanding those casualties to which all armies are liable. This, my lords, is our military prospect."

Paying high compliments to Mr. Gladstone and the Earl of Clarendon, he further remarked on Austria:—

"We have every reason to place the most entire confidence in the consistency and good faith of the Austrian Government. From the first, without disguising their ardent desire to preserve peace, they have never proposed doing so by the sacrifice of any of those great European interests for which we were contending, and therefore I think that, having proceeded with such caution as they have done throughout the whole of these transactions, we have a better right to rely on their firmness and good faith in the course they have now taken. My lords, the present want of the country is a strong Administration. (Loud cries of "Hear, hear.") How that is to be formed it is not for me to say. Rumour has asserted very confidently, that the noble earl opposite (Lord Derby) has been commanded by her Majesty to undertake the formation of an Administration. Seeing him in his place, I presume this is not the case. But be this as it may, every one must admit the necessity that exists for a strong Government, and I trust the patriotism of this House will not be wanting in the promotion of that object. I can only say for myself, and I believe I may speak for those who act with me, that any Administration that may be formed by her Majesty will receive from us that support which at the present time is so urgently required by the great interests of the country; it will receive from me any degree of support which it may possibly be in my power to give it. I do trust that whatever Government may be formed will carry on this war with vigour, with effect, and with a view to the only legitimate end of all war—a speedy arrival at a state of peace. My lords, I trust that, by keeping steadily in view the real objects of the war—not being diverted into wild and imaginary projects, nor animated by merely vindictive feelings—such a Government, as soon as those real objects of the war shall be attained, will listen to the dictates of humanity and of true policy, and will lose no time in realising the advantages of peace as soon as they can honourably do so."

The Duke of NEWCASTLE then, breaking through routine, entered into an explanation rendered necessary by statements of Lord John Russell in the House of Commons—an explanation which, as it involved a reference to proceedings in the Cabinet, he had obtained the Queen's permission to make. In that statement Lord John said, that when the War was separated from the Colonial Department, he had yielded to the "strong wish" of the Duke that he should occupy the War Department. That was not the case. When the separation was proposed, the Duke of Newcastle pointed out that some plan of duties should first be prescribed, but Lord John, anxious to defer to Parliament, thought the measure should be immediately adopted. And when the Cabinet so decided, the last words addressed to them by the Duke of Newcastle were—"the Cabinet having decided that the Secretaryships shall be divided, all that I can say, so far as I am personally concerned, is, that I am perfectly ready to retain either or neither." "So much, my lords, for my 'strong wish' referred to by the noble lord." ("Hear, hear," and cheers.)

"I can only say that, in any discussion of which I heard, I never understood for one moment that the noble lord (Lord J. Russell) had expressed any desire whatever that my noble friend, Lord Palmerston, should occupy the War Department. I did hear—I was informed by my noble friend lately at the head of the Government—that, for a time at least, the noble lord himself had contemplated the possibility of his taking that department, and most undoubtedly, if that had been the case, I, for one, should never for an instant have thought of standing in his way; but I do wish it to be completely understood, that I not only did not express a 'strong wish' on the subject, but that I expressed a perfect readiness to retain either of the offices, or neither of them, as my colleagues might think best for the public service and might advise her Majesty. I do not at the same time hesitate to say, that, with the best of my belief and knowledge, no other member of the Cabinet was put forward to occupy the department of Secretary for War, I did not shrink from the duty of assuming that office. I certainly did feel that I should have been unworthy of having held those seals for three months, if I then shrank from what I knew to be a post of difficulty and of danger. I am sure that many of my private friends in this House and elsewhere will recollect the observation I made to them when I was frequently told by them that I had acted unwisely in leaving a department where they were kind enough, or perhaps prejudiced enough, to say, that I had formed some slight reputation. My answer to them was this:—'I am well aware what I have done. I know that in this new department, whatever success may attend our arms, I shall never derive any credit; but this I also know—that, if there should be disaster, upon me alone will come the blame and the public indignation.' (Cheers from a noble lord on the Opposition benches.) I notice my noble friend's generous cheer. I have been upon terms of private intimacy with him, and I remember that he was one of the friends to whom I made the observation to which I have just referred. Well, my lords, I think I have said enough to prove to you how unjust have been the imputations which have been made upon me in Parliament and elsewhere, that my 'presumption and self-love' induced me to insist upon taking the office of Secretary for War. I hope I have sufficiently explained to your lordships the conduct which has been characterised by some as 'arrogance,' and by the noble lord to whom I have referred, by the more patronising phrase of 'commendable ambition.' ("Hear" and laughter.)

He showed that on the 18th of November Lord John wrote, that far from being to blame the Duke deserved "very great credit for the exertions he had made;" but he passed over that because the noble lord had confessed he meant it for "soft sawdier;" that he was still bent upon the Duke's removal from office. That was his object. "Si possis, suaviter; si non, quocunque modo." How was it Lord John did not quote from a letter from the Earl of Aberdeen on the 21st November?—

"I have shown your letter to the Duke of Newcastle, and also to Sidney Herbert. They both—as might have been expected—strongly urged me to adopt any such arrangement with respect to their offices as should be thought most conducive to the public service." ("Hear" and cheers.) My lords, I have shown you, in the first instance, that I did not insist upon holding the seals of the War Department; and I have also to state that, when my noble friend placed the letter of the noble lord in my hands, my answer was—I believe I state precisely what I said—"Don't give my Lord J. Russell any pretext for quitting the Government. On no account resist his wishes to remove me from office. Do with me whatever is best for the public service." ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) In that way you will gratify me the most. In that way you will be serving the Queen best." (Renewed cheers.)

The Duke gave two instances of the complaints made by Lord John Russell respecting the War administration, and satisfactory replies, showing that the instances were not mistakes or oversights, but things unavoidable. In the last letter Lord John wrote before he returned to town—from Minto or Scarborough—dated the 8th of October, "You have done all that could be done, and I am sanguine of success." ("Hear, hear," and cheers.) The Duke showed that Lord Aberdeen had submitted his proposal to leave office, to the Cabinet, and it was unanimously disapproved by them; he showed that up to the 3rd of December Lord John adhered to his original opinion that Lord Palmerston should be substituted for the Duke of Newcastle; that Parliament met; that all things seemed satisfactory; and that on the 16th of December Lord John expressly stated that he had changed his opinion and no longer wished for a change. [The Earl of Aberdeen here made an observation to the noble duke, who continued:—]

"I was not going to carry the matter any further, but my noble friend reminds me that I have made an omission. I really feel, in a matter which is so personal to myself, and which, therefore, perhaps appears more important to me than to many of your lordships, that I am hardly justified in trespassing at such length upon your indulgence. (Cheers from all parts of the House.) My noble friend reminds me that the reason which the noble lord assigned for the abandonment of his proposal was, that he was satisfied with the opinion which he had received, not only from faithful and attached friends whom he had in the Cabinet, but that he had consulted another friend upon the subject—and I can only say from my knowledge of that noble lord, that a better adviser could not possibly have been chosen—the noble lord consulted another friend upon the subject; and he told my noble friend at the head of the Government, that he was convinced by the arguments which the noble lord had laid before him, that he was satisfied and had changed his views."

That finished the personal question; next came the question of measures. Lord John said that he could not oppose Mr. Roebuck's motion because no measures had been taken to remedy evils, or secure success:—

"I think that the fair and just inference from that statement is that the noble lord had proposed to his colleagues measures and arrangements which we had been unwilling to adopt. My lords, I can only say that, to the best of my belief, that never was the case. I know of no measures ever proposed by the noble lord which were rejected; I know of no proposals which he made which were not accepted, unless it be one."

That one was made on the Saturday before Parliament assembled. Its object was the formal constitution of the War Departments into a board. The Duke of Newcastle objected to a board; but Lord John's opinion prevailed. Subsequently he submitted a paper containing suggested modifications—one of which was to suppress the Board of Ordnance, in which the Duke concurred; the other was to add two officers to the board—one of which never existed, and the other the Duke thought not wanted. Lord John had no reason to think his views would be rejected; and no proposition made by him was overruled:—

"My lords, I need hardly say that, upon such an important question as the conduct of the war, differences of opinion on incidental matters of course took place; but this I must say, that if I were to point out that member of the Cabinet from whom I have received the most general assent to my views, when discussions took place it would be the noble lord. I should say that I received the most kind and generous support from all my colleagues upon all occasions; but, as regards identity of views, I should be inclined to say that upon all questions which were raised there was a more complete identity between the noble lord and myself than between any other members of the Cabinet. Now, my lords, I have stated to you the ready way in which I consented to yield up my office, and even at times the views which I might have entertained; but notwithstanding the arrogance, self-love, and presumption which I am supposed to have exhibited, I was not unaware—God knows it would have been strange if I had been—that public feeling had been roused strongly against my administration of the war. Before Parliament met upon Tuesday, the 23rd of January, I was convinced that the feeling in the public mind had become so strong that it

would be impossible for me, in justice to the public service, to continue to occupy the office which I held. My lords, the meeting of Parliament was close at hand. I felt, if I had read rightly the history of constitutional Governments, that it was not proper at such a moment to anticipate the verdict of Parliament, and to run away from the duties and responsibilities which devolved upon me. The noble lord, in his statement with reference to the course which he had taken, said, that until the notice was given by Mr. Roebuck he had not fully considered the course which he ought to take. My lords, I had. I had maturely considered it; and, while I had made up my mind that my official career was practically brought to a close, I resolved at the same time that I would face the ordeal of censure in your lordships' house, and would submit the conduct of my administration to the judgment of the House of Commons. But, my lords, I felt that it was right that I should announce my determination; and a few days before the meeting of Parliament, on the 23rd of January, I told my noble friend at the head of the Government—I did not tell my other colleagues, because I felt that it was not right that I should do so, and I think your lordships will appreciate my feelings and motives in that course—that whatever might be the result of the discussions in this House or in the House of Commons—whether the Government succeeded by a large majority in overcoming resistance and reproach, or whether they failed, I equally should tender my resignation as soon as that judgment should be given and the verdict of Parliament should be pronounced. My lords, this, no doubt, was the origin of that rumour to which the noble lord referred at the close of his statement, when he said that he had heard that that arrangement which my noble friend had found it impossible to recommend in November he thought it necessary to adopt in January. I am sorry that any such statement should have been made, because, if such a rumour existed, it was not correct. It is true, as I have said to your lordships, that I had announced my intention to resign my office; but, so far from having announced my intention to be a party to any such arrangement as that referred to, I told my noble friend, in the first instance, and I told my noble and right hon. friends in the Cabinet, when the secession of Lord John Russell rendered it necessary that my intentions should be announced, that I had made up my mind that I would retire, and that I would not take another office—that I would neither change offices with my noble friend Lord Palmerston, nor assume that which had just been quitted by the noble lord—that I would leave the Cabinet; but, as for changing offices, I positively and entirely refused to do so. I admit, undoubtedly, that personal feelings might to some extent have influenced me in that course, but I hope that I was influenced also by a higher and more important consideration. I felt confident that the public interest could not be served by my doing so—that, with the obloquy which had been heaped upon me, it was undesirable that I should continue to be the member of any Cabinet, and that my presence in the Government must be a cause of weakness and not of strength. I announced therefore that I would in future, if the Government succeeded in the House of Commons, take my seat upon one of the back benches not occupied by those in office, and that I would come here night after night, whenever discussions were raised, ready to defend the policy to which I had been a party; because I felt of course that I was as much bound to do that as if I still continued to hold my office. Now, my lords, I have done with the statement of the noble lord which has led to this explanation upon my part. My lords, various accusations are made against me, of which one of the most prominent is that of incapacity. I should be the last man who ought to express any opinion upon that point. I am ready to leave that in the hands of others, perfectly conscious of many defects. I cannot but feel that that charge of incapacity is, with the public, a favourite explanation of every public misfortune. Whether it may be peculiarly justified in my case, or whether it may be attributable to the cause to which I have referred, I say I leave that to the verdict of others. But, my lords, other charges have been made, which I confess I have felt deeply and continue to feel deeply. I have been charged with indolence and indifference. My lords, as regards indolence, the public have had every hour, every minute of my time. To not one hour of amusement or recreation have I presumed to think I was entitled. The other charge, of indifference, is one which is still more painful to me. (The noble duke, who was evidently much moved during this portion of his address, continued in a tone of deep emotion.) Indifference, my lords, to what? Indifference to the honour of the country, to the success and to the safety of the army? My lords, I have myself, like many who listen to me, two dear hostages for my interest in the welfare of the military and naval services of our country to allow of such a course. I have two sons engaged in those professions, and that alone, I think, would be sufficient; but, my lords, as a Minister—as a man—I should be unworthy to stand in any assembly if the charge of indifference under such circumstances could fairly be brought against me. (General cheering.) Many a sleepless night have I passed, my lords, in thinking over the ills which the public think and say that I could have cured; and which, God knows, I would have cured if it had been within my power. Indolence and indifference are not charges which can be brought against me; and I trust that my countrymen may before long be satisfied—whatever they may think of my capacity—that there is no ground for fixing that unjust stigma upon me. (Cheers.) As regards what I have done during my official administration, I believe—I trust and hope at least—that I shall be one who may derive some advantage—I wish to God I could think that the public could derive any—from the investigations of that committee which the House of Commons has decided to appoint. I can only say, so far as I am individually concerned, that I shall rejoice to lay before that committee everything that I have done, with perfect fairness and open-handedness. I am not now about to enter into any defence of the conduct of the war. My noble and learned friend opposite (Lord Lyndhurst) has a motion upon that subject for Monday next. Whether under the circumstances of the Govern-

ment of the country, it will come on upon that day, I presume is doubtful; but I imagine that he will still persevere with that motion, and when he does so I shall be prepared to meet it. I am no more inclined to shrink from any attack now that I have quitted office than I was when I held it; and I will not shelter myself when that motion comes on by the circumstance of my resignation. I shall speak in answer to my noble and learned friend on whatever side of the House I may sit, and most assuredly I shall not shrink from meeting him. I shall be ready to defend, whenever it is assailed, the conduct of the Government—the conduct, in the first place, of my own administration; and, in the second place, the conduct, as involved with me, of the whole of the Cabinet. Your lordships shall not hear from me one word of complaint with reference to the treatment which I have met with either in Parliament or out of it; and I only refer to it now to enable me to say that, whoever may be my successor in the office which I lately held, he shall meet with no ungenerous treatment from me. My lords, I know that I have in both Houses of Parliament many bitter political foes; I trust that I have few, if any personal enemies. But if I have one—that man I will not exempt from the promise which I have made; but to him, as to a friend, will I offer every assistance in my power. My lords, even if that office should be held by the gentleman who we were informed the other night in the House of Commons went over from the Ministerial side to the right hon. gentleman the leader of the Opposition in that House, and asked him whether he would be a party (this was some weeks ago) to a vote of censure, not upon the Government, but upon me individually—I say, if even that individual should become the War Minister, him will I treat as I have described. Nay, I will go further, and will say that such assistance even will I render to him who prompted that measure. Whatever may be my feelings towards the man, I shall be ready, as in duty bound to the public, to render every assistance in my power to him as a Minister. My lords, I say that, whoever succeeds me, I will endeavour to make his path easy, and to support him, whether in this House or, to any extent in my power, out of it. If my past experience can be of the slightest value to my successor, be he who he may, here in my place in Parliament I tender it to him. If my past experience can be of the slightest value he may claim it, and shall have it, whether he takes my acts as a warning or as an example. My lords, he shall meet with no feelings of petty jealousy on my part; the crisis is too important, the interests involved are too great for the display of any such contemptible feeling. Out of office, I shall rejoice in the success of any man who succeeds me as a Minister, whether that success be achieved in consequence of better fortune or of greater ability than I possessed. I will now conclude what I fear has been to your lordships much too long a statement. (Cheers.) I will conclude the last speech which I shall address to your lordships from these benches with the earnest prayer that he who may receive from the Queen the seals of the War Department, may bring to bear upon his arduous labours far greater ability, and equal zeal, earnestness, and devotion with him whom he succeeds. I repeat the expression of my earnest hope that the man, be he who he may, who follows me may meet with that success for which I have laboured, and, in meriting and securing that success, that he may also receive from his countrymen the approbation which it has been my anxious desire, but has not been my good fortune, to secure." (Loud cheers.)

The Earl of DERBY made a speech not at all in keeping with the occasion. His object was to announce that he had had an audience with her Majesty, but had not undertaken to form a Cabinet; but he interspersed it with jokes, and an unseemly suggestion that the Duke of Newcastle and Lord John should meet in the great hall and "exchange words."

The House after this adjourned until Monday; but the Commons sat last night, specially to receive Sir De Lacy Evans, who took his seat.

NOTICES OF MOTION.

ARMY PROMOTION.—Major REED gave notice that on Tuesday, the 13th of February, he would move for a committee to inquire into the system of promotion by purchase in the army, with the view of substituting a more effective system of promotion by merit and long service.

FISHERIES BILL.—On the motion of Sir G. GREY, leave was given to bring in a bill to carry into effect a treaty between her Majesty and the United States of America. The bill was subsequently read a first time as the Fisheries Bill.

SECOND-CLASS RAILWAY CARRIAGES IN ENGLAND.

A CORRESPONDENT complains that the second-class travelling by railway, which brings in three-fourths of the receipts, is less safe than the first-class. He prefers, during the period of an accident, to be shot against a padded wall instead of against a wall of plain wood garnished with iron. He suggests that the first-class might justly be more highly embellished, and thinks the matter should be taken up by the M.P. Chairmen. We quite agree with him. There is no reason why the French system should not be carried out. The principal of classes should be in railways as it is in the converse—life. All should be decent and respectable, but those who care for exclusiveness and elegance should be permitted to indulge. The subject reminds us that honourable exception may be made of the Brighton line, where the second-class passengers' limbs are in safety, and where the eyes only of the first-class are additionally cared for.

NOTES OF THE SIEGE.

The *Times* correspondent remains unflinching in his descriptions of the suffering in the camp, and in his denunciations against those who might have prevented it. We give some extracts which, although they are occasionally denied, are constantly verified by other accounts:—

HOW THE COLD AFFECTS THE TROOPS.

"The cold weather has been attended by a decrease of one class of diseases and by an increase of those affecting the respiratory organs. Severe cases of frost-bite have occurred among the men. Some have died in consequence, others will probably lose their limbs or extremities. Officers have also succumbed to the cold, and to overwork, on fatigue parties. Pleurisy, severe cold, rheumatism, bronchitis, and pneumonia have appeared among us, and, though diarrhoea and dysentery are not so prevalent, cases of scorbutic dysentery have rather been augmenting in number."

STATISTICS OF DISEASE.

"Jan. 8th.—The 63rd Regiment had only seven men fit for duty yesterday. The 46th had only thirty men fit for duty at the same date. A strong company of the 90th has been reduced by the last week's severity to fourteen fit in a few days, and that regiment, though considered very healthy, lost fifty men by death in a fortnight. The Scots Fusilier Guards, who have had out, from beginning to end, 1562 men, now muster, including servants and corporals, 210 men on parade. Many other regiments have suffered in like proportion. Lieutenant Dent, of the 9th Regiment, who was in command of a fatigue party engaged in carrying up provisions to the camp, became so unwell on the way that he could not keep up with his men, and was found dead in the snow. The day before yesterday, as one of our officers was passing by a French camp, he was hailed by a captain into whose tent the body of an English officer had just been carried. It was frozen and cold. The cap had been taken away, and the boots and coat, by some of the scoundrels who form part of every army. I don't know the name of the poor fellow who died so miserably, nor could I learn anything about him since, and the officer who was called in could not leave his party, and was obliged to follow them, but he duly reported the circumstance to the proper quarter."

REGIMENTALS—A CONTRAST.

"It is really humiliating to our national pride and distressing to our sense of what we might be, and ought to be, to see the French entering Balaklava with their neat waggons and clean-looking men, and stout horses, to aid our wretched-looking, pale, weakly soldiers, and emaciated horses, in carrying up ammunition. Their officers are always neat, clean, and well-dressed. Ours are not as the artists of facetious periodicals represent them, with frayed epaulettes and decently-patched coats, but ragged and dirty. A great deal has been said at home about the propriety of assimilating the dress of the officers to that of the men, but so long as the officers have different duties and different arms from the private soldiers, and that must be always, they must be marks for riders. The enemy's sharpshooters see a man on horseback with an infantry regiment; if he be dressed like a drummer they know he is an officer, and fire at him accordingly. They observe a line of infantry advancing or firing; one man on the flank, or in front, has a sword in his hand; he is cheering on the men; he is giving orders; he is a mark for their rifles too. As an old sergeant of our riders said the other day, 'It's no matter what dress a man wears. If we see an active chap a busting about and moving among the men, our lads will have a crack at him.' And thus it is so many Russian officers have fallen. The French officers, who wear very marked epaulettes, and are easily discernible among their men, don't complain of their distinctive uniform. As to the shako, it has almost ceased to exist as a headress; the soldiers kick them away as soon as they can, and Mr. John Bull would be astonished to see the number of his neat brass-mounted felt hats which lie in the mud about our camp. Each cost him some 20s. each. Parade—the parade of a crack regiment—would certainly break the old gentleman's heart. He who has been accustomed to behold two rigid lines of beautifully-executed dolls, as firm, as clean, and neat as if they had come out of a Nuremberg toy-box, would behold—instead of this éclatant red, with any-coloured facings and white breast-lace, his neat Albert shako, his regimental blue trousers—a mud-bespattered, dingy russet garment, with grease facings and chocolate-coloured lace, pantaloons of various shades of brown, and the most eccentric headdress and footgear that ever necessity suggested."

OFFICERS IN PLACE OF HORSES.

"The arrangement of our system of fatigue parties seems defective. The men are often sent out from Balaklava when it is too late in the day for them to get back to camp ere nightfall. The other day a party of the 42nd started out to head-quarters after three o'clock. In coming home two men died in the French camp, and another received a severe fall and fractured an arm. The duty is, indeed, very trying. The men are provided with a stout pole for each couple, and a cask of rum, biscuits, or beef is slung from it between them, and then they go off on a tramp of about five miles from the commissariat

stores at Balaklava to the head-quarters. I have seen the officers dividing this labour with their men, and as I was coming in from the front on Saturday I met a lad who could not long have joined, in charge of a party of the 58th Regiment, who took the place of a tired man, and struggled along under his load, while the man at the other end of the pole exhausted the little breath he had left in appeals to his comrades: 'Boys! boys! won't you come and relieve the young officer?' Horses cannot do this work, for they cannot keep their legs, and now almost every one hundred yards of the road is marked by a carcass. To give an idea of the loss we have sustained in this way, here is a fact. There is now on duty in Balaklava a party of orderlies, whose duty it is to go about and bury all offal and dead animals every day. On an average they have to inter the bodies of twelve horses each twenty-four hours, all of which have died within the town."

The Morning Post has a capital account of the

RUSSIAN SPIES.

"The Cossacks still muster strong round their old haunt near Balaklava. A singular incident occurred during the day of the reconnaissance, which has been much talked of since, as showing the daring and dexterity of our opponents. The Rifles and Highlanders had advanced considerably in front of their position, so as to bring them within short distance of the Cossack pickets. While remaining there, an officer (apparently belonging to the Rifles) was observed to stroll from the lines, pass the outposts, and walk in the direction of the Cossacks. At first he was supposed to be Lieutenant Thynne going out shooting, and under this idea the sentries called out to warn him that he was going in the direction of the enemy. But the officer took no notice beyond quickening his pace till he came up with the Cossacks, and, after a short parley with them, mounted a horse and rode off. The Rifles remained perfectly astounded at such a barefaced act of desertion—the men swearing that it was an officer, and that for that reason they had refrained from firing after him; and the officers asserting that it was one of the men. But when the regiment returned to camp, and there was a general muster to ascertain the individual who had acted so disgracefully, the astonishment was greater still, for not a man was missing. The truth was then evident to all that the man was nothing less than a Russian spy, disguised as a Rifle officer. Such a one might easily escape detection among the Zouaves, or even the Highlanders and Marines, but that he should have passed unchallenged through the centre of the Rifles themselves seems quite beyond comprehension. The nerve, coolness, and confidence necessary for such a feat must be something extraordinary."

"The French on the following day returned the compliment by sending out another spy, who was admirably disguised, and whose mission was completely successful; more than this it would hardly be prudent to say."

THE POSTMASTER AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

"I must say that a more disliking and discourteous individual does not exist. Under his fostering care the post-office has become most shamefully abused, and many whose letters are regularly dispatched to them never obtain them. The transport service hardly ever obtains the letters so frequently sent from England. Letters addressed to the different transports of the service accumulate by hundreds in Constantinople, and, as one of our 'angels' says, because they do not belong to the army or navy, they may lie there, for they will certainly never be sent to the parties concerned. As for those unconnected with either army, navy, or transport, I pity them, for they have no chance. Letters may be sent them, clearly and distinctly addressed, but they will never reach here; and when the unfortunates visit the post-office and make a civil request for their letters, the answer is, 'Devil a one, sir!'"

SCRAPS FROM THE CAMP.

LORD RAGLAN was in Balaklava on the 8th January, the day before I was there. He had not been there before for nearly three months. It was then a comparatively clear day, as the thaw had not come to mix snow and mud together; but even Lord Raglan, I should think, must have found it a little worse than he expected."

On this, the 8th day of January, some of the Guards, of Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Household Brigade, are walking about in the snow without soles to their shoes."

When the men go on duty overnight, the snow being melted by the heat of the sun, their boots become very wet; the frost during the night freezes the leather, and the poor fellows cut the boots off to ease the agony occasioned by the hardness of the leather pressing upon their tender feet."

McDonald, our excellent Provost-Marshal, is a man whose feelings are not to be trifled with, and none are more faithful in the discharge of their duties. Wee to the unfortunate individual who is caught in the act of gathering together a little firewood, the remains of the unfortunate wrecks of the 14th, which have floated into the head of the harbour, and lie there, useless and untouched, when men are freezing at the camp above! Let some poor wretch come down and scrape together an

armful of this wood, and he is considered an offender of the deepest die, and unfit to escape; and consequently, an acquaintance with McDonald, and 12 or 24 lashes, as the case may be, are the result."

When the bombardment is commenced, 50 rounds every 12 hours are to be fired from each piece of ordnance, until all the ammunition is expended. According to this arrangement about 20,000 rounds of shot and shell will be thrown into Sebastopol every 24 hours, and the Russians must surely be made of sterner stuff than bronze or granite if they stand 50 or 60 hours of such a cannonade. When the bombardment has done its worst it is said we are to storm."

It must not be inferred that the French are all healthy while we are all sickly. They have dysentery, fever, diarrhoea, and scurvy, as well as pulmonary complaints, but not to the same extent as ourselves, or to anything like it in proportion to their numbers. Some of our allies have suffered and died from home sickness. We are all afflicted with that disease, but none of us have died of it as yet, except one man."

During the whole of Christmas-day, two divisions, it is said, received nothing but an issue of charcoal."

The warm clothing is going up to the front in small detachments. Never shall I forget the bitter sarcastic laugh with which a number of an illustrated weekly journal, which came by last mail, was handed round a tent full of officers, who indulged in sad merriment over the fancy sketch of our British soldiers in their winter clothing of furs and waterproofs, with a fine wooden edifice, "capable of containing any number of men on paper," in the background, suggestive of nice hot cooking and snug lying o' nights."

In the batteries, I saw one of the seamen gunners receive a wound in the head from a round shot, yet he providentially escaped death. The shot ricocheted, flew by his head, carried away his cap and a quantity of hair from his head. When the cap was picked up it contained a lot of the hair. He was only a little stunned, but, for precaution's sake, he was sent up to the camp hospital."

ON A PACHA'S HORSE.—Duty took me to the Quartermaster-General's office before I started on my rounds, and when crossing Lord Raglan's yard, I saw at his door some ten or a dozen led horses—one of them the Pacha's, a beautiful silver grey, whose coat, short and sleek even at this season, literally shone like silver; it was dazzling, and such a horse! What care, what grooming must have been bestowed on it! Our chief and his staff have their horses well stabled and fed, but they looked like dirt by the side of this Turkish steed."

UNMISTAKABLE SYMPTOMS.—I have a brasier of charcoal in my tent, and I am sitting writing to you clad in a warm shooting-coat, a peacoat over it, a railway rug round my legs, a cloth cap pulled over my ears, and one glove on, besides a large woollen comforter round my neck and a scarf round my waist; nor am I a chilly mortal; most of my neighbours complain more of the cold than I do."

BREED OF HORSES.—I lament to say that our horses are dying by scores, weekly, for want of forage—at least, so it is said; but my own impression is, that it is not the only cause—which may, in part, be referred to the English breed of horses, and which has been so extolled. I consider that our horses are overbred for the work they have to perform, as well as the exposure they have to undergo. The French artillery horses are from Normandy; they are small in size, but very compact, have lots of bone, and carry a great deal of flesh. They appear to have much of the English cart blood in them, being, in part, a kind of finely bred cart cob. The French horses are, notwithstanding the weather, in as good condition as when they left France, being "as round as an apple," with coats as sleek as satin, and have sufficient speed for anything. I have often witnessed the "mad gallop" of the Horse Artillery on Woolwich-common, but on active service quickness should be more in the men than the horses."

ANTI-SOYER.—The other night I was sitting beside one of our men in the trenches. I saw him eating something which he had difficulty in cutting. I offered him my knife, being sharper than his, and on examining his meat I found it was raw fresh beef. He was eating it quite contentedly."

MOVING IN THE CHINESE.—Can you fancy a poor fellow, who may be struck down from disease of a most prostrating character, being either jolted along in a wagon, without springs or covering, or placed across a horse, for three hours, exposed to an atmosphere which may be many degrees below the freezing point? Far better would it be to let the poor invalid remain in even his comfortless tent, than to subject him to such torture. Our departments are certainly most rotten, and never will be better until each has power within itself, so as to make arrangements for its own necessities, without being referred, as it often happens, to a second, third, or fourth department for its conduct or government."

RUSSIAN FRYINGPANS.—We have fitted up some capital cookinghouses by digging holes, and made some snug fireplaces, but all is of no use, fuel is very scarce, we cannot get the food up from Balaklava to cook, and if we could, it must be grilled on the fire, as we have no pots nor saucepans; our small camp kettles—you know what I mean—that we carry on the top of our knap-

sacks, are nearly all lost or damaged and rendered useless. Some of our fellows have got good substitutes for frying-pans in the shape of cuirasses, which they got after the battles of Balaklava and Inkerman. I am now, with the exception of some bread, nearly fifty hours without food; it is that and the chilly damp weather, lying under tents, instead of snug wooden huts like the French, that creates fevers, dysentery, diarrhoea, and causes such a frightful mortality, doing more deadly work than the swords of the enemy.

THE STRENGTH (?) OF A BRIGADE.—I will tell you the strength of one brigade, so you may judge of their loss:—

The Rifles	210
63d	12
46th	175
68th	184

SUNSETS.—We have usually magnificent sunsets, the whole western sky showing a contrast of the duldest purple with the most brilliant yellowish green. At this time the Black Sea merits well its name. Black and inhospitable it appears, indeed, till it is lost in the deep shadowy clouds, and all the more so from the contrast with its own snow-clad cliffs.

COOL STATEMENTS.—We feel our little wood fire in our hut a great luxury, notwithstanding the smoke, which makes our eyes water and keeps us in a perpetual sneeze. It is still very severe weather, freezing hard, and the whole face of the country is ice and snow. When outside the hut my moustache is always a stiff frozen mass, and icicles occasionally form at the tip of my nose. The sides of our hill now resemble a glacier, and animal warmth cannot be obtained without the most active efforts. The cold is felt awfully in the trenches, and on the first night of the frost 150 men of the Light Division alone had to leave them. The thermometer has been frequently 17 deg. Fahrenheit, and yesterday morning, when the earth was somewhat "aired" by occasional sun-glances, was at 21 deg. Icicles the largest size encircle the inside of our dwelling, and give it somewhat the air of a transparent miniature edition of the Temple of Theseus.

AN EXCITED CAPTAIN.—There is a story going that the captain of a powder-ship, "in a moment of excitement," began firing his pistols against the bulkheads of his cabin the other day. If this event had come off, Balaklava would have disappeared—ships, houses, and all—and the gully would have become for the time a mere large piece of ordnance, to blow them out to sea and into the plain.

NEW COMMISSARIAT ARRANGEMENTS.—As a newly-arrived and freshly-mounted officer, was riding along one of the narrow paths to the camp, he called out to a man who was toiling along with a sack of biscuit on his shoulders, the last of a long file similarly engaged, "Now, then, soldier, out of the way, if you please." The man turned his head round, and, with an expression I never shall forget, exclaimed, "Sojer, indeed! Faix, we're no sojers! we're only poor broken-down old commissariat mules!"

MISCELLANEOUS FACTS.

DEDUCTIONS FOR THE SICK AND WOUNDED.—Mr. Sidney Herbert, in the House of Commons, said that the sick and wounded had only 3½d. per diem deducted from their pay. It is a mistake; the sick are mulcted in 9d. and the wounded in 4½d.

PRICE OF PRESERVED MEATS.—A letter from the camp says that preserved meat costs from 2s. to 5s. per pound. Mr. Gamble, of Cork, writes to the *Times*, saying that his offer to sell such articles (meats, soups, &c.) at from 7d. to 9d. per pound was refused.

THE LIBRARY AT SEBASTOPOL.—The *Journal de St. Pétersbourg* announces that the Czar has given 25,000 roubles to the officers of the Black Sea fleet, to repair the damage caused by the explosion of a bomb in the library of the fleet at Sebastopol.

INCIDENTS.

THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S liberal gift of 3000 bottles of Scotch whisky and two tons of potted meats, for the Highland brigade serving in the Crimea, have been just shipped for Balaklava direct.

SHOOTING A DESERTER.—A working party at one of the batteries missed a comrade. They perceived him quietly making for the Russian lines, and, on being called to, he set off at a good run. A private named Phillips, however, managed to shoot him. The deserter was a well-known troublesome fellow.

THE TENTH HUSSARS.

A LETTER from the dockyard at Bombay says that the preparations for the transport of this fine regiment to the Crimea are being carried on with the utmost vigour, although Rear-admiral Sir H. Leeke, who superintends, is not on the "active list." The celerity is said to beat that of Portsmouth out of the field—or rather the harbour. It is rumoured that the Viceroy of Egypt is making great preparations for the arrival of the regiment, which is expected this month, and that he insists on bearing all the expense himself.

NEW ORDER OF MILITARY MERIT.

THE Duke of Newcastle has announced that it is the intention of her Majesty to institute a cross of military merit, which shall be applicable to all ranks of the army, from the general in command to the youngest private in the ranks. The principle to be adopted in the distribution of this honourable distinction will be adjudication by jury, composed of persons holding a rank similar to that of the soldier or officer whose name shall be given in as deserving the decoration.

ARRIVAL OF THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE landed at Dover on Tuesday. The Royal standard floated from the Admiralty Pier, and other points in the town; and such demonstrations as the short notice would allow to be made were observed. A guard of honour of the Staffordshire Militia, under the command of Major Inge, was in attendance, besides the Mayor, the corporation, and other local authorities. The interchange of civilities between his Royal Highness and the gentlemen assembled was the signal for a shout from the multitude who had congregated, and amid vociferous cheers, the booming of a Royal salute from the Drop Redoubt, and the strains of military music, the gallant Duke set foot again upon the soil of England. Notwithstanding the extreme severity of the weather, a great number of ladies had assembled, and their greeting formed not the least interesting of the demonstrations that were so generally displayed. On arriving at the Ship Hotel, a deputation presented an address of sympathy and congratulation, to which his Royal Highness replied:

"Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen,—I thank you for the gratification you have rendered me in presenting me with the present address. I assure you that any inconvenience or discomfort which I have experienced in the Crimea has been amply repaid by the bravery of the troops. All a general can do is to lead; and my humble services have been given cheerfully; but it has not been a war of generalship—the campaign has been a soldiers', and nothing but a soldiers' campaign. Led on as they have been by their indomitable courage, these troops have performed prodigies of valour; and I can assure you a finer set of fellows do not exist in the world than the men who are fighting the battles of Britain in the Crimea, and who have done everything in their power to sustain the honour of their country. Mr. Mayor and Gentlemen, I again thank you." (*Loud cheers.*)

The Duke was welcomed at the London terminus with marked respect and sympathy.

GENERAL SIR DE LACY EVANS.

DEPUTATION FROM THE CITY OF WESTMINSTER.

On Thursday, a deputation of electors of the City of Westminster waited, by appointment, on Sir De Lacy Evans, at his residence in Bryanstone-square, for the purpose of presenting an address of sympathy with his recent actions, and congratulations on his return from the Crimea. Mr. Prout addressed Sir De Lacy in suitable terms, and then read the address which commented carefully on those details of the war in which the gallant general had taken an active command, and expressed perfect satisfaction with his conduct throughout.

Sir De Lacy Evans then replied in a long speech, which was interrupted occasionally by his strong emotions. After thanking them all very heartily for their sympathy, he adverted to the long time that his constituents had known and approved him, and to the period of a former campaign which many persons had called dishonourable service. He thanked them for the unanimity with which they had absolved him from his Parliamentary duties, and thought he had met with unparalleled confidence. He considered the present address was also expressive of gratitude to his companions—a young and inexperienced army, which had displayed the utmost bravery and devotion. He would never cease to think with affection and gratitude of all his comrades of the Second Division. Many were dead—it was the fortune of war—but the sympathy so generally expressed would cheer the survivors. He was an old man, and his health had broken down under the hard work. He had heard also that General Pennefather, his successor, a man twelve years younger, had also been incapacitated for some time through the same cause. It was not for him to offer any comment on the conduct of the war, but he wished to say that the disastrous hardships lately described were not felt nor seen to such an extent while he was in the camp. The war was a great contest, perfectly necessary and justifiable; and he hoped it would be carried on with vigour to a victorious end. He thanked his parliamentary colleague, Sir John Shelley, for some kind remarks which he (Sir John) then made. Some of the papers called the officers old "superannuated fellows," whilst others called them "ignorant young fellows." It was impossible to please everybody. He hoped for improvement and

good results. The gallant general concluded by lamenting the present ministerial crisis, which might have the effect of interfering with public business at the most urgent and critical moment.

The reply was received with great congratulation, and the deputation withdrew.

MR. SIDNEY HERBERT AND THE "PENINSULAR WAR."

SIR WILLIAM NAPIER has written to the *Times* on the subject of Mr. Sidney Herbert's quotations from the "Peninsular War." He says:—

"Mr. Sidney Herbert, when quoting passages from my 'History of the Peninsular War,' showing the bad condition of the British army after Talavera, forgets an important consideration—namely, that the troops had been marching for months, had traversed a great part of Portugal and Spain, and their exhaustion and suffering arose from Spanish civil mismanagement and breach of promises; answering precisely to the civil mismanagement and breach of promises by the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert.

"Mr. Sidney Herbert spoke of the sufferings having arisen from the ignorance of the regimental colonels of brigade duties; and of the brigadiers of divisional duties, and so on. What amazing ignorance in his auditors! Must have calculated upon when he ventured that remark. The duties of those officers are to protect their troops from surprises, and to fight them well in battle. Have they not done so? It is their duty, also, to report when their soldiers are not clothed and fed. Have they not done so? But when was it ever their duty, in any army, to find stores, and provisions, and transport? That is the duty of the Commissariat, and the Commissariat is a branch of the Treasury, under the control of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Sidney Herbert.

"Nor was it more true, or just, or grateful to say that the British soldier does not know how to take care of himself. I say he does. I say he is as intelligent as as full of resources, as any other man he has served in campaign, than the soldiers of any other nation, though he cannot keep himself warm in snow without clothes, nor roast green coffee without fuel, nor find fuel on the rocks, nor support life on quarter-rations with quadruple trench work, and the labour of Commissariat mules remedy the Commissary-General's inefficiency!"

CONTINENTAL NOTES.

THE following is a translation of the secret despatch of the Austrian Government to the States of the German Confederation:—

(Confidential.)

"Vienna, January 14, 1855.

"We may still consider the adhesion of Prussia to the alliance concluded by the treaty of the 2nd of December as a probable eventuality, and for its part the Imperial Government will always consider it a duty to do everything in its power to put an end (one way or another) to the differences which, to its regret, unhappily now exist between the two great German Powers.

"If the hope of seeing Prussia adhere to the alliance should be realised, the complete and sincere concurrence of the two Powers in the quality of German Federal Powers would thereby be assured.

"Experience, however, bids us extend our provision to the case that Prussia should attempt longer to persist in her policy of indecision, and should even attempt to act at Frankfurt in a manner to thwart our propositions upon the necessity of the Confederation being prepared for war.

"In such case, the Imperial Government would only the more resolutely desire to pursue, with the support of the other German Governments, the path traced by its Federal Constitution as regards the manner in which this great question ought to be considered, and it would regard itself as neglecting one of the most sacred duties of its mission in Germany if it did not endeavour above all things to attain that the Confederation should take constitutional resolutions, and if, for its own part, it was not perfectly ready to take upon itself the consequences of those resolutions.

"Therefore, at a moment when our confederates will have to decide upon their participation in events perhaps decisive for the destinies of Germany, we cannot hesitate in putting the question to them, confidentially, as to how they will act in the case of being resolved to go in accordance with us, should a conformable resolution not be obtained in the Federal Assembly.

"We do not hesitate openly to ask our confederates if, in that case, they will grant sufficient confidence to Austria to join her destinies; and if, in case all our endeavours to obtain a solid and sure peace should fail, Austria may, in the most extreme eventuality, equally count upon their active co-operation.

"The Imperial Court would, in such case, give the most solemn assurances to guarantee their territorial possessions and position against every eventuality, and moreover, to grant them their share of advantages resulting from the war in proportion to the number of troops employed. In exchange, Austria must put the condition that a body of troops, to be determined upon, should be at once made ready for service, and claim that — [here comes the name of the Government of the

State addressed] shall express to his Majesty the Emperor the confidence of placing, in case of appeal, the direction of their contingent under the superior command of his Imperial Majesty.

"We count upon a frank and candid reply, and it will give us great satisfaction to find that it responds to our wish, as that will have the effect of throwing light upon our relations with the German Governments, and of consolidating them especially with — [name of state], providing them with all the guarantees which the necessities of this grave epoch demand.

"You will please to make a confidential communication of this despatch to —

"DE BUOL."

Prince Napoleon Jérôme has arrived in Paris. His father went as far as Châlons to meet him. The Prince is reported to be most indignant against General Canrobert, and determined to press for his recall. He has met the leading ministers at dinner at his father's, and has had a private interview with the Emperor.

The *Moniteur* publishes the articles of the Military Convention concluded between France and England by the Piedmontese Government, in consequence of its accession to the Treaty of the 10th of April:

Art 1. His Majesty the King of Sardinia will supply for the demands of the war a corps d'armée of 15,000 men, organised in five brigades, forming two divisions and a brigade of reserve, under the command of a Sardinian general.

2. Immediately after the exchange of the ratifications of the present convention, the formation of the corps and the organisation of its administrative service shall be immediately proceeded with, so that it may be ready to depart as soon as possible.

3. For the execution of the first article of the convention, the corps d'armée of his Majesty the King of Sardinia shall be composed of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, in proportion to its effective force.

4. H.M. the King of Sardinia engages to maintain the expeditionary corps at the total of fifteen thousand men, by the successive and regular despatch of the necessary reinforcements.

5. The Sardinian Government will provide for the pay and subsistence of its troops.

The high contracting parties will concert so as to ensure and facilitate the complete storing of the magazines of the Sardinian army.

6. Their Majesties the Emperor of the French and the Queen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland guarantee the integrity of the States of his Majesty the King of Sardinia, and engage to defend them against all attacks pending the duration of the present war.

7. The present convention shall be ratified, and the ratifications exchanged, at Turin, as speedily as can be done.

Under the supplementary convention to the treaty with Sardinia, this country has agreed to lend that state, 1,000,000*l.* during the current year, and a further sum of 1,000,000*l.* next year, at 3 per cent. interest, and 1 per cent. for a sinking fund. As soon as the consent of Parliament has been obtained, 500,000*l.* will be paid.

The health of the Duke of Genoa was improving.

The King of Sardinia has decreed a general mourning of 180 days, from the 24th of January, on the occasion of the death of Queen Maria Adelaide.

Generals Pelissier, Rivet, and Desvilliers sailed on Wednesday from Marseilles for the Crimea. General Pelissier landed from Oran on the preceding Monday.

The Piedmontese contingent is being actively organised. It will leave for the Crimea towards the end of February. General La Marmora, Minister of War, will command it. It will be reviewed in the plains of Marengo by the King about the 12th or 15th inst.

The Diet at Frankfurt has rejected the Austrian project for the general mobilisation of the Federal army, and adopted that Bavarian compromise supported by Prussia, and acceded to by Austria, that the principal contingents should be made ready for war. M. Drouyn de Lhuys has addressed another sharp note to the French Ministers at Foreign Courts on the conduct of Prussia.

On the 21st of January M. de Manteuffel addressed to the representatives of Prussia in Paris and London a despatch, not more than usually mystifying and enigmatical, professing to explain why, after admitting that Prussia cannot join the treaty of the 2nd of December, the Powers negotiating have not been able "to reconcile their common purpose with their particular interests."

The Queen, Maria Adelaide, of Piedmont, was buried on the 24th ult. with great pomp, and amidst the universal grief of the nation. The Archbishop of Genoa was the officiating priest. Though the thermometer was at 16*°* deg. below zero (of Reaumur), the streets were crowded.

There have been symptoms of Carlist movements in Spain. A domiciliary visit has been paid by the police at Madrid to Mr. O'Shea, the banker, but his papers were found to contain nothing to support the charge of a Carlist conspiracy. General Cabrera, married to an English heiress, has bought a large property in England.

On the 26th ult. the 11th Regiment of French Dragoons passed through Genoa *en route* from Rome. They entered the Pila Gate on foot, holding their horses by the bridle. They, however, mounted them again on

reaching the gate of the Arco, and took off their cloaks. The French colonel had on his right the general commanding the brigade of the Guards, and on his left General Alexander della Marmora, followed by a numerous staff.

It is said that Prince de Canino, sometime President of the Roman National Assembly, has ventured to take orders in the expectation of becoming a cardinal.

At Rome, we hear the Papal solemnity of St. Peter's chair, concerning which Lady Morgan has put forth such heterodox opinions; the polyglot declamations of the Propaganda collegians; and the blessing of beasts at the shrine of St. Anthony, are amusing the foreign sightseers in the Eternal City.

Cardinal Simonelli is dead. His place as "Secretary of Memorials," one of a confidential and intimate nature in the service of the Pope, has been given to Cardinal Altieri.

The prefect of the Haute Garonne, in a circular to the mayors of his department, says that he is convinced from the extraordinary number of passports lately issued to young men that many persons have lately gone abroad to escape the chance of being drawn for the army. He therefore orders that in future no passports for a foreign country shall be granted to young men above nineteen years of age and liable to serve, except in special cases, and then only when the reasons shall have first been submitted to him.

Attempts to pass forged Bank of England notes on the Continent appear at present to be numerous, probably on account of the increased circulation caused by the war. A few days back mention was made of several unusually well executed specimens which had been remitted from Marseilles; and according to advices from Frankfurt, it appears that a Spaniard has just been arrested at that city, after having negotiated 200*l.* with temporary success, and that a considerable sum of good money was found upon him, together with 20,000*l.* in forged notes.

The French Government has just accorded to the town of Valenciennes a fine block of marble for the statue of Froissart.

The following paragraph, which appears in the compendium of a daily contemporary, will excite some derisive interest in France:—"The family of Marshal St. Arnaud is about to publish a volume of his private letters. This collection, certain to be interesting, independent of its literary merits, will commence with La Vendée, and terminate with the war in the Crimea."

A fine equestrian statue of Joan of Arc has been completed for the town of Orleans.

The Austrian general, Count de Crenneville, has been sent to Paris to concert the co-operation of French with Austrian troops, in the event of Russia attacking Austria. It is reported that Louis Napoleon intends to assume the command of a corps d'armée to operate with Austria, or possibly even on the Rhine.

A decree in the *Moniteur* orders the formation of a second foreign legion, to be commanded by Colonel Ochsenheim, lately head of the military department in Switzerland.

Cardinal Wiseman arrived in Paris on Wednesday from Rome, after an escape from a serious collision at sea between Civita Vecchia and Marseilles.

The Grand Cross of the Order of St. Leopold has been presented to the Baron Bourquenez; and his Excellency the Minister for Foreign Affairs, Count Buol-Schauenstein, has received the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour.

CONFESSION OF THE MURDERER BARTHELEMY.

MR. HERRING, Barthélemy's solicitor, has published a statement, which, he says, he received from Barthélemy a few days before his execution. Emmanuel Barthélemy says, that—"On the night I went to Moore's, I had no intention of going, until a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes before I knocked at Mr. Moore's door, and entered his house. I had been into the City on important business, and was disappointed; and it was my intention, on my return home, of going into a shooting gallery at Westminster, near Buckingham Palace. I think they call it 'Gun Tavern.' It was my intention of practising with the pistols. I had taken them out of pawn about two months; but, when I arrived at the place, I found it shut, and then went to my house at Chelsea, and found no one at home. I then walked towards, I think the name of the street is Great Portland-street, or road, I am not sure which; and when I arrived there, I met the female, who informed me she was going to Mr. Moore's, and asked me to accompany her, which I consented to do, and knocked at the door, and asked for Mr. Moore, and was shown into the back parlour, and Mr. Moore received us at first well, and, after some little time, the female began to talk to Mr. Moore in French, when Mr. Moore said to her, 'Why don't you talk to me in English?' I made a reply, and said, 'You know she cannot understand English, and you have talked to me in French;' when Mr. Moore said, 'It is no business of yours;' and then she took out a letter from her pocket, and began to read, which she did in French, and when she had read nearly the first page, Mr. Moore rose from his chair in a passion, and endeavoured to snatch the letter out of her hand, upon which I rose, and lifted my arm up to prevent him, and pushed

him back, and he staggered and partly fell; and then he took something up, which I afterwards found was the lead with the piece of cane, and struck the same violently against the chair, and came towards me and the female, and struck me and pushed me towards the passage, and when in the passage he pushed and struck me several times, although I was trying to get out as fast as I could. The last time he struck me was when the servant had partly opened the door, and then I let the pistol off that shot Mr. Moore, for which I am sorry, I having no ill-will towards him. Finding I could not get out for the persons at the front door, I shut the door, and went to the back door and took down a bar that went across the door, and opened it and let the female out, and when we got into the back yard the female was greatly alarmed at Mr. Moore's death, and begged and prayed me to shoot her more than once. I had not the heart to do so; I was anxious she should escape. I put my hand into my pocket, and took out my purse, and gave it to her, which contained a sovereign and some silver, and in doing so took the cane out of her hands, and lifted her upon the wall, and she made her escape. I had the pistol in my hand, and when I was in the act of getting over the wall I heard some persons call out aloud something, and then in the hurry I staggered, and some persons took hold of me, and then the pistol went off and shot poor Collard, which I feel much hurt at, for I had never seen or known him before. I then endeavoured to make my escape and was taken. I can assure you, Mr. Herring, there was no foul play respecting the duel at Egham—the person I shot was a French spy."

THE MURDER IN FOLEY-PLACE.

THE coroner's inquest has been finished, resulting in a verdict of Wilful Murder against Luigi Buranelli. The evidence leading to the conviction has been already laid before the public. The statement made by Buranelli was read over, and he said he believed that it was correct. He did not wish for a legal adviser.

The state of Mrs. Lambert's health rendered it necessary for the jury to adjourn to No. 5, Foley-place, the scene of the tragedy. Mrs. Lambert was then examined, and, after some hesitation, she said that she was a widow, and that her husband was a gentleman farmer, named George Jeanes, and had resided in Devonshire. Buranelli, on entering, eyed his victim with a fixed stare, upon meeting which, in the act of recognition, Mrs. Jeanes screamed out, "Oh! take him from me!" and then became violently hysterical for several minutes.

Mrs. Williamson was also examined; she was in deep mourning, and appeared to be in profound grief. Her evidence was precisely similar to what has already appeared.

Inspector Dargan said the prisoner had made a statement to him after his admission to the hospital, and had admitted the purchase of the pistols on the Thursday previous to the murder.

The coroner thought the evidence so clear that it called for no comment from him, nor even for the evidence to be read over. The jury assented, and immediately returned their verdict of Wilful Murder. The coroner then made out the warrant for the committal of Buranelli to Newgate.

"ROUTINE" IN THE POLICE.

When the verdict was given, an affray arose between the force of Sir Richard Mayne and the county officers. The regulars expected the immediate custody of the prisoner, for the purpose of taking him, according to routine, before a magistrate. Mr. Wakley, the coroner, commented in strong terms on the absurdity of this, and characterised it as an insult to the jury. Inspector Dargan thought the law all on his side, but on the other hand, two parochial officers of Marylebone had been bound over by the coroner in 40*l.* each to take the prisoner to Newgate. Buranelli was placed in a cab, which the police garrisoned, but the inspector was pulled off the box by a jurymen. A very violent discussion ensued, each party explaining the law, and each explanation making the law more intricate. The police carried the day, but the other officers and the jury followed in other cabs, and finally Sir Richard Mayne was found and appealed to. He assented to the execution of the coroner's warrant, and Buranelli was lodged in Newgate. This disgraceful scene appeared to excite the greatest interest; but, much as it is to be regretted, it will probably lead to the settlement of this long-vexed question, and a proper definition of the law as to the jurisdiction and power of coroners and police magistrates.

According to routine the prisoner would be tried at the present sessions; but application has been made and granted for postponement, as there is not time to get up the evidence.

OUR CIVILISATION.

THIS week "Our Civilisation" exhibits some retrogression—which is startling, but satisfactory. We have to record only three cases, but it must be admitted on the other hand, that they exhibit some novelty in detail. Wife-beating has given place to "Murder," and "Cutting and Wounding."

MURDER AT CRATHAM.—On Monday, an aged widow lady, of independent means, was found with her head battered to pieces. In the cellar, a chopper covered with blood and brains was lying near some blocks of wood. Elsewhere, the servant girl was found with her throat cut. She was not killed, however; but said that two dustmen had come in, done the deeds, and escaped. The neighbours saw nothing of them; and it is said that some of the unfortunate lady's rings were found on the girl. The London detectives have taken up the case, and a coroner's inquest has been held and adjourned.

A POLICEMAN STABBED BY A CABMAN.—A dispute occurred between a gentleman and a cabman as to whether the vehicle was engaged. A policeman interfered, whereupon the cabman stabbed him twice in the face with a clasp knife. Fortunately, the bone was struck, and the blade broke. The cabman was very drunk. He has been sent to trial.

FRIVOLY, THIS NAME IS WOMAN.—Two women had a quarrel about a charitable ticket for obtaining bread. They became excited, and one of them seized a knife and stabbed the other "more than once" in the face. She was an "elderly woman," and the (possibly elderly and sympathetic) magistrate "disposed" of the case by a fine of 5*l.*, or two months' imprisonment.

SIR CHARLES HOTHAM'S DILEMMA.

By the last mail from Australia we hear of a curious state of things in this remarkably wide-awake colony. From the *Times* we learn the peculiar "fix" in which Sir Charles Hotham is placed by his new Convict Bill, which proposed to establish commissioners at Launceston, Hobart-town, and other places, to grant certificates of good conduct and passports to such men. Sir Charles seems to have forgotten that he was legislating out of his jurisdiction, and that the other Governments would thwart him in every possible way.

"The Legislature of Van Diemen's land has taken the matter up, and a bill has been introduced 'for the prevention of fraud by persons assuming to be commissioners for the issue of passports.' By this bill Sir C. Hotham's commissioners are subjected upon conviction to imprisonment, with or without hard labour or solitary confinement, for one month for every offence." All persons assisting them are to be subject to a fine of 100*l.*

"Of course it east great difficulty in Sir C. Hotham's way, and the gentlemen who surround him are not the people to aid him with wholesome advice. The expedient hit upon was this:—A member named Nicholson brought in a new bill, and it is supposed Sir Charles will allow his own bill to drop and accept the new one as the voice of the people.

"While all this was going on the Council of Van Diemen's Land was petitioning the Queen to convert all the conditional pardons into free pardons. Nicholson's bill meets this, by extending the penalties of the former act to persons at large in Victoria who had before been convicted of any crime. This bill will pass by large majorities at every stage. It brings Sir Charles Hotham into conflict either with the Colonial-office or the people of Victoria; but Van Diemen's Land will throw its weight into the former scale. There is a good deal of speculation as to how Sir Charles will act. He is very close on the matter. If he accept Nicholson's bill, he embroils himself with the home Government, backed by Van Diemen's Land; if he reject the bill, he comes into conflict with his own colony. How will he decide? His position is certainly one of considerable difficulty—a legacy left him by the Government of his predecessor, and one which may yet wreck his Administration."

FOREIGN LEGIONS IN THE UNITED STATES.

SEVEN military companies of Boston and vicinity, composed mainly of Irishmen, have surrendered their charters and been disbanded by Governor Gardner, the recently chosen Know-nothing Executive. The strong remarks of the Governor in opposition to organisations of foreigners, contained in his inaugural address, led the soldiery to adopt this step. Every attempt on the part of foreigners in that State to enrol themselves permanently in the militia has proved a failure, causing either an outbreak of popular disapprobation or the stinging rebuke of some public functionary.

LIBEL.—THE "TIMES" AND THE SOUTH WESTERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

THE "leading journal" has been punished in the Court of Queen's Bench. Some time since, at a public meeting of the Company, some dissension arose, and the characters of the Hon. Francis Scott, chairman, and also of the directors, were somewhat rudely assailed. The *Times* reported the case in a leading article, and in that form of publication, every accusation had the effect of coming from the journal rather than from the discontented shareholders. The issue was an action for libel—the result a verdict against the *Times*, in the person of the printer, Mr. Harrison, and 300*l.* damages.

Sir Frederick Thesiger, in mitigation of punishment, said that,

"Their lordships, in considering the sentence, would recollect that a question of great public importance was involved. The public press had clearly a right to comment on the conduct of public men; and if the article had kept within its proper limits, there could be no objection to it in point of law. This article was not a mere fabrication, but was the reiteration of charges made at the public meetings of the company, on which the writer had expressed his opinion. No person who read it could believe that malice lurked under the expressions used against these directors. It would be doubtless said that it was an aggravation of the offence that another article had been written, in which the accusations had not been retracted. All that the *Times* in that article said was, that it was sufficient to say that they had not brought these accusations on their own authority—that the matter was one between the shareholders and the directors, on which they were incompetent to form an opinion—and that they regretted any expressions hastily written, unpalatable to Mr. Scott and his brother directors. Could a journalist be called upon to withdraw a charge not emanating from himself, and to apologise for accusations preferred by others?"

Mr. Justice Coleridge, with the entire Bench, differed from this view. He said:—

"While it is of the greatest importance that the public press of the country should possess the power in the fullest, the freest, and even the severest sense, to discuss the conduct of public individuals, yet, on the other hand, no one, as the consequence of his becoming a public man, can be called upon to submit his private character to the censure of the public press. The course which has been taken to-day, and not for the first time by those whom you represent, is to deny that they ever intended to make any insinuation against the private honour of the prosecutors. I think it would have been more consistent in those who have made that defence to-day if they had taken a course which was open to them at an earlier period. It may be true that the writer of the article did not intend that it should affect the personal honour of the prosecutors, or was actuated by malice towards them. Everybody, however, on reading such an article, must consider, not what may be passing in the mind of the writer, but the effect on the public mind of the language used, and when such articles are written by writers of great ability in the columns of a public journal, it is not too much to say that a rule such as that to which I have alluded must be applied with some degree of strictness. It is also to be observed that where the language used may not impute in categorical terms any direct charge, yet it is easy to insinuate a charge indirectly so as to make it tell with greater bitterness, and that I find to be the case in one or two passages of this article. (Here the learned judge read some passages.) We have now to consider what sentence we are to pass. All concur in representing you as a most respectable man; it is admitted that you are not the writer of the article. Such a consideration as that could not weigh in the determination of the punishment, but it may influence the kind of punishment, and therefore the sentence of the court is that you pay a fine into her Majesty's Treasury of 300*l.*, and that until that fine be paid you be imprisoned, in the first class for misdemeanants, in the Queen's Prison."

The fine was immediately paid, and the defendant left the court.

THE PUBLIC HEALTH.

(From the Registrar-General's Report.)

THE present return shows that the high mortality announced in recent reports has undergone a further increase.

In the first three weeks of the current month the deaths registered in London were 1404, 1466, and 1549; in the last week they rose to 1630. Of males, whose deaths are now returned, the number is 791; of females, 839. In the four weeks that ended January 27, the mean weekly temperature was 45.5 deg., 39.3 deg., 28.9 deg., and (last week) 29.3 deg.

In the corresponding weeks of the years 1845-54, the average number of deaths was 1102, which, if raised in proportion to increase of population, becomes 1212. Hence it appears that there were recorded last week 418 deaths more than the rate of mortality that prevailed in the fourth week of the last ten years would have produced.

Seven hundred and eleven persons under 20 years of age, 205 at that age and under 40, 289 aged 40 years and under 60, 347 who were 60 years old but under 80, and 77 octogenarians, died last week. If these numbers are compared with the numbers at the same ages in the previous week, it will be seen that the increase is confined entirely to persons who had completed their fortieth year, the deaths of those in the earlier periods showing a decrease. Deaths arising from diseases of the organs of respiration, increased from 386 to 427 in the last two weeks; the average of the ten weeks corresponding to last week is only 264. Bronchitis was fatal in 239 cases, pneumonia in 127. Hooping-cough and influenza, which stand in the epidemic class, were fatal in 73 and 23 cases; 174 persons sunk under phthisis. Scarletina destroyed 75 lives, measles 43.

A MEDICAL ADVISER.

UNDER the unattractive title of "The Queen's Cooksey" we have one of the most curious stories of modern times. The Court of Queen's Bench was the theatre. Sir F. Thesiger moved, on behalf of a widow lady, Mrs. Alice Payne, residing at Chipping Camden, Gloucestershire, for a rule (which was subsequently granted) calling on John Alexander Cooksey, a medical gentleman residing at the same place, to show cause why a criminal information for libel should not be filed against him. The story is as follows:—

Mrs. Payne was a widow lady, who had for some time been suffering from uterine disease, for which she had been attended by a Dr. Thompson, of Stratford-on-Avon, and Mr. Cooksey, a surgeon, of Chipping Camden. It appeared that some scandal had arisen; which caused Mr. Edge, the clergyman of the parish, to write to the lady's brother, and also to the lady herself, advising her to abstain from coming to the holy table until the scandal was removed. The lady and her brother at once gave an indignant denial of the truth of the scandal, and Dr. Thompson and Mr. Cooksey, on being applied to, gave certificates which tended to rebut the charge. The clergyman, however, was not satisfied with the certificate given by Mr. Cooksey, as it merely stated that he had attended Mrs. Payne for 'an enlargement of the uterus,' and he required to be satisfied that the issue had nothing to do with gestation. At Mrs. Payne's request, Mr. Cooksey prepared a certificate in these terms, and then waited upon Mrs. Payne with it, and having exhibited it to her, he offered to give her the means of at once putting an end to the scandal, but only on the terms, as Mrs. Payne deposed, of her yielding to the wishes which he (Mr. Cooksey) said he had long desired to gratify. This infamous proposal was at once rejected. Upon this Mr. Cooksey threatened that if Mrs. Payne would not yield to his wishes he would forthwith make an affidavit before a magistrate to the effect that she (Mrs. Payne) had miscarried. Finding that he could not succeed in his object, he went before a magistrate, and made the affidavit which he had threatened, and published the same libellous charge in a letter addressed to a Mr. Kennaway. The lady now came before the court for its protection, and in the most distinct terms denied that there was any ground whatever for the libellous imputation upon her honour, and she produced copies of several letters written by Mr. Cooksey himself, while acting as her surgical attendant, in support of her denial.

VARIETIES.

LORDS PALMERSTON AND ABERDEEN.

THE *Times* stated lately that Lord Palmerston was a year older than Lord Aberdeen. "Harroviensis," writing to the *Globe*, says the contrary is the fact. Lord Aberdeen was born January 28, 1784.—Lord Palmerston, October 20, in the same year. In September, 1794, they were both at Harrow. Lord Palmerston (then Mr. Temple) was head of the 2nd remove of the 4th form. Lord Aberdeen (then Lord Haddo) was the 7th boy of the 3rd remove of the same form.

THE GALLANT BUTLERS.

Captain C. G. Butler, died at Bombay on the 18th of December. He served during Sir C. Napier's campaign against the mountain and desert tribes situated on the right bank of the Indus, early in 1845, with a detachment of 200 men. He was Commandant of the Military Sanitary Station at Poorundhur, and was brother of the two Captains Butler, one of whom fell at Silistria, and the other at Inkerman.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE COURT.—Her Majesty left Windsor for Buckingham Palace on Wednesday, and again on Friday.

On Thursday the Marquis of Lansdowne had an audience by command.

On Wednesday the Earl of Derby had an audience by command, and again at Windsor on Thursday.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge visited her Majesty on Wednesday.

His Highness the Maharajah Duleep Singh took leave of her Majesty on Monday.

Baron Von Usedom left Dover on Saturday for Brussels.

Cabinet Councils were held on Saturday last, and on Wednesday.

LORD CARDEGAN.—A numerous meeting of the tenantry of Lord Cardigan, residing in Leeds, met and agreed to an address of congratulation to his lordship on his return from the Crimea, and admiration of his gallant conduct there.

CHELSEA HOSPITAL.—Military men say that General Sir Edward Blakeney will be permanently appointed to Chelsea Hospital Governorship, and if so, his loss will be severely felt in Ireland, especially in Dublin.—*Liverpool Chronicle*.

NEW REGIMENTALS.—The new regimental tunic substituted by Her Majesty's warrant for the swallow-tailed coat of the infantry is now being issued to the brigades.

of Guards; all volunteers and recruits who have joined the Household Infantry since the 1st of January have been supplied with it, and, being tall men, the tunic becomes them much better, and must be more comfortable and easy, than the padded and buttoned-up regimental coat.

REAR-ADMIRAL DOWD, who lately died, aged 77, at Ilfracombe, served as midshipman of the *Barfleur* in Howe's action, and was wounded when mate of the *Excellent* off Cape St. Vincent. He was Lieutenant of the *Vincejo* at the capture of the *Guillaume Tell*, and also served at the surrender of Malta, in 1800.

INCOME AND EXPENDITURE.—A Parliamentary paper states the income for the year ended January 5 at 56,737,132*l*. 18*s*. 3*d*., and the expenditure at 59,946,192*l*. 2*s*. 8*d*.; excess of expenditure over income, 3,209,059*l*. 4*s*. 6*d*.

IRISH DEMONSTRATION.—An attempt was made a few days since to shoot Mr. Henry Bevan Slater, while standing at his own hall door, at Ballymahon, in the county of Westmeath. Mr. Slater was the purchaser of some property of late in the Encumbered Estates Court, and found it necessary to eject some of the tenantry.

The farm buildings of Mr. Murphy, of Grange, near Loughrea, were burnt down last week, and eight fat cows, three horses, two packs of wood, and other farm produce consumed. The fire was the work of an incendiary.

THE BALTIC FLEET.—All the Baltic ships now under repair are ordered to be ready for service by the end of February. They are to assemble in the Downs the first week in March, and it is expected that the Emperor and Empress of the French will inspect them on their way to England.

ADMIRALTY DESPATCH.—A correspondent of the *Daily News* complains that six months have elapsed without him having been able to obtain the effects of his son, who died on board the victory at Portsmouth, in August last.

A THEATRICAL VETERAN.—The popular actor, Mr. "O." Smith, of the Adelphi Theatre, died on Thursday evening, having been suffering from illness for some weeks. Mr. Smith had been for, we believe, nearly fifty years upon the stage, and though in his appearances before the public he was generally associated with some of the most wicked deeds of melodrama, we believe that in private life he was deservedly respected by those who knew him.

DEATH FROM COLIC.—We regret to learn by a letter from the Crimea, that Brevet Major Macdonald, of the 89th, was frozen to death in the trenches on the night of the 16th. Another officer, who fell into a deep snow drift, most narrowly escaped the same fate.

NAVAL EXPENDITURE.—A Parliamentary document has been printed on naval expenditure in the year 1854. From the Government balance-sheet it appears that in the year ended the 5th January last the expenses on account of the navy amounted to 12,182,169*l*. 5*s*. 10*d*.

FINSBURY.—At a public meeting of the inhabitants, the conduct of Russia and the conduct of the war were properly denounced. Ministerial responsibility, abolition of secrecy in diplomacy, and curtailment of aristocratic influence were demanded. The meeting declared that the establishment of peace on the basis of the four points will prove the war to have been a delusion and a fraud.

LORD CARDIGAN.—The members of the United Service Club intend to invite the noble lord to become an honorary member, in consequence of his distinguished gallantry at Balaklava on the 25th of October last. It is said that his lordship will be the new Inspector General of Cavalry.

A CAMP AT ALDERSHOT.—The Board of Ordnance has just invited tenders to be sent in for the construction of wooden barracks at Aldershot-heath, in Hampshire, for the accommodation of 20,000 men, with the proportion of officers, stores, &c., the whole to be completed by the 15th of March next.

THE FORTY-SECOND REGIMENT.—The men of this regiment here have formed a sort of camp on the Sheriffsnuir, to which they march almost every day, and where they are exercised in all the manoeuvres of war, in order to inure them to service in the East, a great number of them being young recruits.—*Stirling Journal*.

DEATH OF A WATERLOO HERO.—We have to announce the death of General John Millet Hamerton, colonel of the 44th Regiment. The General was a soldier from his youth, having entered the army at the early age of fifteen, and distinguished himself in various engagements in Egypt, the West Indies, and during the Peninsular war. At Waterloo he bravely led on the second battalion of the 44th, in which gallant regiment he had graduated to the rank of Lieutenant-colonel, and was left for dead on the field, having received several severe wounds in the head and thigh.

FIRE-SHIPS FOR SEBASTOPOL.—Rear-Admiral Ryder Barton has suggested a plan for destroying the Russian fleet in Sebastopol. Some old ships and twenty men would be wanted. It would evidently be very dangerous service, but Admiral Barton would lead the van, and needs no difficulty in the way of procuring twenty men to face even certain death.

Postscript.

LEADER OFFICE, Saturday, February 3.

LAST night, about half-past four o'clock, Sir De Lacy Evans received the thanks of the House in person. Not only the House itself, but the galleries were well filled. Colonel Freeston and Sir J. Shelley introduced the gallant general in full uniform to the House, and the members from both sides rose, and loudly cheered him as he took his place below the gangway, next to Mr. Layard. The Speaker having called him by name, Sir De Lacy Evans arose, and the SPEAKER then addressed him thus:—

"General Sir De Lacy Evans, I have to inform you that on the 15th of December last the House agreed *namine contradicente* to the following motion:—That the thanks of this House be given to Lieut.-General Sir De Lacy Evans, Knight-Commander of the Most Honourable Order of the Bath, for his zeal, intrepidity, and distinguished exertions in the several actions in which her Majesty's forces have been engaged with the enemy."

The Speaker then went over the incidents of the recent services of Sir De Lacy, and reiterated the thanks of the House.

Sir De Lacy Evans deeply appreciated the high honour conferred on him. There is no honour of which a British subject is more proud than the recognition of his services by the Commons. It is almost a novelty to me to be received in this manner for my military services, for I certainly do think that I was just as good an officer some twenty years ago as I am now. ("Hear, hear," and a laugh.) I believe I had a more difficult and intricate duty to perform on that occasion, and that I performed it—however imperfectly—at any rate with equal success to the less important duty which I recently endeavoured to perform. I am very much more grateful to you, sir, for the reference you have made to the Second Division, which I had the honour to command. I should not have the remotest chance of obtaining the kind and honourable reception I have this day received at the hands of the house, were it not for the noble and gallant devotion of that division, from the officers under me down to the humblest soldier in the ranks. (Cheers.) I must confess I am under the necessity of saying that when the vote of thanks which I am here to receive was moved by the noble lord who then represented the Government in this House, when I read his official speech, I was much astonished, because it appeared to me that he took a totally different view of the operations of the army, or at all events, of that division which I had the honour to command, from that which the facts could warrant. I am sorry to be obliged to allude to this; but when half of that division perished in battle, or whilst engaged upon some other service, I feel that I should be wanting in gratitude to them if I did not endeavour to place, though it may be displeasing to some individuals, that matter in a more just light. Sir, the noble lord gave a sort of tactical description of the battle of Alma which reminded me of the opinion expressed by a late witty divine, that the noble lord thought himself capable of taking the command of the Channel Fleet. It is evident that the noble lord thought himself a better judge of the transactions that took place than Lord Raglan, for he stated, in effect, that the two divisions which won the battle exclusively were the First Division and the Light Division; whereas Lord Raglan represents in his despatch that the two leading divisions were the First and Second. The noble lord went on to speak of what he called the two lesser actions of the 25th and 26th of October. He gave all due credit and honour to the gallantry of those men who were engaged in the action of the 25th, but he passed over the action of the subsequent day. That action, however, was deemed by her Majesty worthy of high approbation. It was deemed worthy of approbation by the Commander-in-Chief of the army, and by the Commander-in-Chief of the French army, as appears from the despatch which he wrote home to his Government. But the noble lord, in his speech, took no notice of that action. With regard to the battle of Inkerman, in which the Second Division was first engaged, as it was in each of the other engagements, not the slightest allusion was made to that division, though for one entire hour it bore the brunt of the attack of twenty thousand Russians. (Cheers.) I have to beg pardon for this unpleasant reference to the matter; but I feel that I have some claim to your indulgence, and I have not made it on my own account. (Cheers.) Again, I have only to say for myself that I feel most deeply grateful for the kind expression of your thanks. (Cheers.)

LORD PALMERSTON then congratulated Sir De Lacy Evans, and also future heroes who might share the eloquent thanks of the Speaker. He moved that the proceedings be printed with the votes.

The motion was seconded by Mr. WALPOLE, and carried. LORD PALMERSTON: My hon. and gallant friend, in the course of his speech, adverted to topics of a nature not immediately connected with the vote of thanks, and therefore the motion I have to make is, that what you have said, sir, and so much of the reply of my hon. and gallant friend as relates thereto, be inserted in the minutes.

The motion was then agreed to.

THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

In the lobby and the parlour of the House of Commons yesterday evening, there was confusion, were confounded. The Queen having resorted to the Marquis of Lansdowne in the difficulties in which she is placed, that was generally supposed to augur a strong effort at "reconstruction." The subsequent visits of the Marquis to the different sections of the late Cabinet were supposed to indicate that he had undertaken the onerous task of peacemaker, and that he had some hope of reuniting the scattered elements of the late Government, the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Aberdeen having been made the "scapegoats." It was clearly understood that no one had been "sent for" with the precise object of forming a Ministry. It was conjectured that the visits of the Marquis of Lansdowne, first to the Peelites, and then to Lord John Russell, and lastly to Lord Palmerston, were final efforts to reconcile the contending interests of the late Ministry, and an endeavour to carry out the advice of Lord Aberdeen and Lord Derby, that under any circumstances "a strong Government should be formed." The general opinion, however, was that most of his late colleagues would decline to serve again with Lord John Russell. At the same time it is also understood that he does not stand quite alone, and that remonstrances on the conduct of the war have been addressed to the late head of the Government and other members of the Cabinet. The name of Sir William Molesworth has been freely mentioned, as one of those who did not hesitate to express a very decided opinion on that subject. Among other things it has been stated that Lord John Russell has said that, in the event of a Government being formed under the leadership of Lord Palmerston, it will meet with his support. As both Houses of Parliament have not adjourned to any later day than Monday next, it is expected that some decisive announcement with respect to the Ministry will be made on that day.

THE WAR.

The subjoined despatch was received last evening from Lord Raglan:—

"Before Sebastopol, January 15, 1855.

"My Lord Duke.—The fall of snow has been very great for the last three days, and it is now fully a foot deep, which, I am assured, is a very unusual occurrence in this part of the Crimea.

"This circumstance adds materially to our difficulties in obtaining fuel; but detachments of Turks are posted near the coast to bring up wood, which has been cut by parties of our own in the neighbourhood of the monastery of St. George, to the nearest divisions.

"I am happy to say that the number of wounded in the sortie of the Russians, on the night of the 12th instant, was only six instead of thirty-six, as I erroneously stated to your Grace in my despatch of the 13th, and that it was altogether a less serious affair than was at first reported.

"I enclose a return of casualties between the 12th and 14th inclusive.

"Last night the enemy attacked the French advanced trench in considerable force, but were repulsed after a sharp contest and some loss on both sides.—I have, &c.

"RAGLAN.

"His Grace the Duke of Newcastle.
&c. &c. &c."

The *Moniteur* contains a despatch from Admiral Brunt, dated Kamich, Jan. 23, which states that a blockade had been notified by commanders in the French Fleet, at Odessa, Caffa, Kerch, Anapa, and Soujuk-Kale. The fortifications of all these places were being strengthened. The Russians in Sebastopol were throwing up an embankment to connect the detached bastion with the other works. For the two previous days a brisk fire had been kept up from the tower called Malakoff, on the English batteries. On the 22nd the Russians made a sortie, and were repulsed, after a very brisk fire had been kept up for two days against the English batteries. General Niel had arrived at Constantinople.

The Turkish Minister at Vienna has received powers to join the conferences for peace.

Large masses of Russians are again concentrating at Rani. A passage of the Danube is apprehended. Sadik Pacha has marched to that point with a strong division of troops.

The Russians are sending considerable reinforcements to the Crimea. Two grenadier divisions, 1500 riflemen, and fifteen reserved battalions occupy Fe-rekop. Another corps, under General Read, occupies the second line of Bessarabia.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

During the session of Parliament it is often impossible to find room for correspondence, even the briefest. No notice can be taken of anonymous communications. Communications intended for insertion must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer; not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of his good faith. Communications should always be legibly written, and on one side of the paper only. If long, it increases the difficulty of finding space for them. We cannot undertake to return rejected communications.

Errata in our Last.—In the Literary Summary, page 88, 2nd column, 36th line from the top, instead of *Gray's Essays*, read *Gray's Essays*; 48th line from the top, for *arduous*, read *odious*.

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The Leader.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1855.

Public Affairs.

There is nothing so revolutionary, because there is nothing so unnatural and convulsive, as the strain to keep things fixed when all the world is by the very law of its creation in eternal progress.—DR. ARNOLD.

THE SITUATION—NOT COMFORTABLE.

"THE Situation" has been anything but dignified for the great country that calls itself England. We, the conquerors in many a field, have been called upon to go to war, we take our rusted arms out of the Museum of Peace, send our soldiers into the field—and the result is the state of things in the Crimea. Having at last been obliged to confess that the country is disgraced, we want to find out the culprit. The War Minister is the most obviously responsible; but there is no case against him. The more the facts are investigated, the more evident it becomes that the Duke of NEWCASTLE neither neglected his duty, overlooked the necessary orders, nor was personally incapable; but we have an army organised not to do campaigning, and a staff of public servants organised not to execute the public business until the opportunity of disaster has been turned to account. "The system" is the culprit. Very unsatisfactory conclusion, since the public is indignant, and burns to punish somebody. The whole arrangement for a criminal charge is ready, ROEBUCK prosecuting; we are only waiting for a case. At last it is procured—Lord JOHN RUSSELL turns Queen's evidence. "That is the man!" he cries, pointing to NEWCASTLE, "and those are his accomplices." The public want is met by the enlightened selfishness of British commerce: Lord JOHN has sold his colleagues; they are arraigned, condemned, and executed.

The ABERDEEN Ministry is dead; we pause, and we find that there is no case. The POWELL* of the Cabinet had been romancing. He has his deserts—and so have we. The great British nation, through its elected representatives in Parliament assembled, has been hoaxed!

We want a new Ministry, and then we find our plight. Parties in Parliament are so broken up, that not one can command a majority. That is, as in matters of religious "heresy," men are so divided about secondary matters, that the great standards of the British constitution cease to rally the sons of England. Our gentry squabble and divide into little joint-stock coteries, mutual guarantee associations, to secure prizes to their

* The Whig instigator of the Chartist follies of 1848.

own members. The party which for its own share commands the largest support, is that Tory faction, whose old rallying cry was divine right; whose late principle, still unrenounced, was "protection" to exclude the raw material of bread from our ports; and whose latest apology was to reconcile our finance with the new principles of commerce! But even that party cannot command enough of the Commons to found a Government upon. The QUEEN "sends for" statesmen, one after another, but they confess themselves beneath the power of undertaking to conduct affairs. England, who could once produce two or three Ministers at a pinch, can now only produce one by a hollow truce among the factions, who substitute for outward competition treachery in the Cabinet! They ride about in cab and coach, interviewing each other; but cannot form an Administration. At last, a member of the late Cabinet returns to Lord JOHN, "as a dog—"

And while the gentlemen of England who monopolise the entrée to Downing-street—who parade the exclusive right to be "sent for"—are cabbing it about town in search of a Government, the popular members flock about clubs, asking the latest news, as if they had no more concern in it than if official England were Java; while the people looks on in sheer helplessness, opening its marvellous mouth, and wondering what sort of Government "Negotiation" will send it. Such is the "attitude" of England's people, with a great war on hand, and a great Alliance waiting for it to come up.

THE NATIONAL PARTY TRIED BY ITS OPPORTUNITY.

NEVER have the parties which compete for political power in this country been put to so severe a trial as they are by the state of the war and by our alliances on the Continent. The most glorious opportunity offers itself for any man, or set of men, who can grasp the power of England. The most magnificent results await a simple use of that power. It cannot be said that any of the parties represented in the late Cabinet have been able to profit by the opportunity; yet, in strict justice, it cannot be said that they have forfeited the opportunity. The late Ministry was framed for the purpose of carrying on her Majesty's Government, beneficially to the public of course. We believe that many of the members joined the Cabinet for that object, and no other. Whatever opinion we may have as to the fitness of Lord ABERDEEN to be head of a War Ministry—and no one has given stronger evidence of his unfitness than Lord JOHN RUSSELL, in betraying to the public how completely the Earl held aloof from the management of the war—we still are impressed with the conviction that he would not have undertaken office if it had not been from the sincere desire to save the country from embarrassment through the want of responsible servants. The statesmen who entered his Cabinet had various objects in view; but, at all events, they were called upon by the fact of their position to waive their individual or party pretensions, and to submit to a neutralising balance of power within the Cabinet. Thus, no set of men as individuals or as a party, had an opportunity of signalling themselves. While they were simply carrying on public business, their subordinates were quarrelling in the competition for the sweets of office. We excuse the Aberdeen Cabinet for its neglect of the war, by pronouncing it to have been from its origin incapable of acting with vigour, or with that ambitious love of distinction which is, after all, the true support of the statesman. But now that the Aberdeen Cabinet is gone, the opportunity is open. There is not only

office, as in ordinary times, for any party that will take it, but there is an opportunity for leading this country through a great war; for re-establishing her influence in Europe; for taking up the championship of national independence against its great enemy, Russia; and for initiating a new order of things on the Continent. A chivalrous mission is advertising for the man to execute it, and he will have to his hand all the power and treasure which this country can bestow.

When we look around, however, we find no statesmen, or set of statesmen, who appear anxious to undertake the mission. Lord ABERDEEN, head of the Government which was actually in possession of the opportunity, did not give his attendance to the war business. The Duke of NEWCASTLE was generally devoted and diligent in his vocation, but he had not sufficient strength to wield the power in his hands. Lord PALMERSTON would be ambitious to make a noise, if not to show his efficiency in any post in which he might be placed; we have no pledge, and little faith, that he would undertake the mission now open to the British statesmen, that of reducing the power of Russia. Lord JOHN RUSSELL has gone so far as to hint at peace with Russia, without any terms humiliating to that power; the arrogance of that power absolutely demanding humiliation for the safety of Europe, if not for the satisfaction of the powers she has provoked. The Earl of CARLISLE and the Marquis of GRANBY, fair representatives of the Whig and Tory parties, have both hinted at a peace arranged with absolute consideration for the honour or the pride of Russia. The men representing the parties who usually compete for the trust of the Crown, have already shown that they are either indifferent to the opportunity, or absolutely resolved to misuse it, by defending Russia from the consequences of her own rashness, and by shrinking from the exercise of English power.

It would be a glorious opportunity if we had any "National Party" capable of now stepping in. We will not pause to develop all the ideas that crowd upon the mind at the mere contemplation of such an opening. If our popular party, our middle-class statesmen, could give us some few such men as the working statesmanship or the landed gentry of England has produced at former periods, the finest results might now be secured for the people of this country, of France, of Austria. Let us but name the most immediate consequences. France and Austria have joined in an alliance which places them in direct opposition to Russia and Prussia: the two latter are banded to defeat the alliance, by a combination of armies and of diplomacies: the military power of Austria must be absorbed in defending herself against her Northern enemy: she would not have that power to employ for the maintenance of her provinces against internal insurgents: the statesmen at Vienna know the position in which they stand, and its immediate necessities: they are prepared, it may be presumed, with measures for retaining the provinces of the empire without military coercion—measures, in effect, for securing the co-operation of the subjects of Austria. The reforming statesmen of Vienna must be prepared to take the lead of a revolution. Such is the position abroad. Our Government has had the patience to compass that alliance; it breaks down in the grander office of mastering the consequences and controlling the results. Could a truly popular English member, a CROMWELL, now take the lead, what influence would his counsel exercise over the treatment of the provinces of Austria, over the "gains" which the allies of Austria must get out of the war, of which

the has promised to them their full share! We are approaching a redistribution of the map of Europe arranged as it was at the last general congress by a coterie of decorated gamblers, ignorant alike of nations and of natural boundaries, for the benefit of the ruling class at the expense of every people on the Continent. Constitutional freedom and national independence might almost be dictated by the alliance at the suggestion of England. It would be so, if we could secure worthy representatives of the country which has obtained for itself Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights—those great standards of our own freedom, from which however, we ourselves have drifted backwards.

The consequences at home would not be less signal than those abroad. To maintain the position of England on the Continent, we need a redevelopment of our military system. To render that system efficient we require a reform of its constitution. By the combination of families whose hereditary connexion renders them a kind of volunteer corporation, the command of the army has in the main been retained for the aristocracy. There is one qualification: by the system of purchasing, commissions are retained exclusively for the rich. The results of the system are seen in the disasters of the Crimea. The custom has prevented even the aristocracy from attaining that distinction in chivalrous service which at former times they have so signally achieved. The failure of the campaign has rendered peremptory a demand for a reform; the demand is a new test to the patriotism and power of all classes. Will the aristocracy and the wealthier classes consent to a reform which will destroy their monopoly? We scarcely believe it; we anticipate that the demand for reform will be blunted and staved off by a compromise. If the middle and popular classes were effectively represented, this question of opening the commissions of the army to the ranks, and therefore to all classes—to the poor aristocracy and the middle and working classes—would be grappled with and settled. Besides opening the army to other classes, the effect of the reform would be to bring that great instrument of power more closely into connexion with the nation, and so to diminish a too exclusive connexion of the soldiery with the Executive Government, with the Crown, and with the incorporated families. Unhappily, the anti-military disqualification of the most powerful of the popular representatives precludes them from effecting a reform which would rescue one-half of our constitution from decay. A part of the reform required for rendering the army efficient, and sustaining it by a reserve, as the Duke of Wellington desired, would be, to develop our militia; but that would be to neutralise the executive power. We have no belief that Temples, or Russells, will call a truly national army into existence. The members of a national party would do so, but our popular members have committed themselves against the militia, which they consider to interfere with "business." Sustained by a truly national force, the members of a national party would develop the power of the entire community by exercising that power on the broadest field with the grandest results and the largest benefits for all classes of mankind. Alas! our popular members, who stand in lieu of the leaders of such a national party, have put themselves out of office by identifying themselves with the narrowest chimeras. A place is open for such men as HAMPDEN, LEBTON, or CROMWELL; but to take advantage of that opportunity for restoring official influence, either the National party must send up new men, or it must induce the men already at its head to lay aside their crotchets, and grapple with the world as they find it.

The National Party itself, if it can be said to exist, has sought distinctive existence mainly by resistance to the late Ministry; as if a negative and antagonistic mission could ever suffice for the birthright of a National Party! No; we require men who can fetch the arms of the British constitution out of the museum in which they have been suffered to rust, and use them vigorously in the service of mankind, to retrieve the honour and power of their class and of their country. There is the opportunity; what we do not yet discover is the man.

THE WAR HENCEFORWARD.

"ENGLAND," writes M. PEYRAT, in his admirable letters from London to *La Presse*, "has constantly laboured to become a great house of business, and she is astonished that she has not become a barrack." That is the true state of the question, so far as the outburst of public indignation is concerned. We have long boasted that we were the workshop of the world. So exclusively have we become that, and nothing else, that when we are called upon to devote our energies to something higher—the maintenance of public law and national potency—we find that we have long ago parted with the means of executing our intentions and fulfilling our duties. A great war for public right found us with regiments instead of an army; with brave fighting men, but no machinery to sustain them in the camp and in the field. We care nothing for the break-down of the ABERDEEN Cabinet. The fate of a Coalition is nothing to us. With our military system it matters little whether we exchange a NEWCASTLE for a GREY, an ABERDEEN for a PALMERSTON; or whether official England ranges itself under the showy rhetoric of a DERBY, and the Oriental dictatorship of an ELLENBOROUGH. Unless the system be changed, it will be only a change of persons. But what we do care for is that the severe lesson read to the nation in these latter days shall not be lost upon the national intelligence; that in future we shall not forget the interests of the barrack in our eagerness to care for the house of business; and that we shall not forget that no nation, however successful as a gigantic "firm," ever sustained its place in the world which did not maintain, with the utmost care, a highly-disciplined and effectively-organised army.

The late Ministers had not the courage to turn the Serpentine through the Horse Guards; they had not the courage to break down that monopoly of promotion which has been the bane of our military system, as much as another monopoly was the bane of commerce. They have failed because they did not grapple with a decrepit system; because they sought to make war under an incubus of routine and nepotism; not to speak of an absolute want of two great departments of the army—a regular land transit service, and an educated staff. Their intentions, we believe, were honest, but they had not the courage to dare, the brain to plan, the hand to execute. The real causes of the break-down of our system lie deeper than the faults of an Administration; they are to be found in that deplorable complication of patronage and routine of which, until now, every Administration has been at once the victim, the accomplice, and the slave.

Who or what is to blame? In the first place that spirit in the country which prevented any Government from calling out the militia for so many years; that spirit which made "peace and retrenchment" a profitable cry, within three years of the signing of the Treaty of Adrianople; that spirit which, in later years, tolerated the peace agitations and

peace congresses set on foot by the believers in Mr. Cobden and the Emperor of Russia; that spirit, in short, which left our army without a reserve, our fleet a fleet only on paper, and the British Government without any unquestionable potency to sustain its voice in the affairs of the world. From the wide dominion of this spirit sprang that temper of the Parliament which made meanness imperative on Governments; that system of written checks and counter-checks, of divided responsibility and of petrifying routine, that desire to be economical rather than efficient, and those plans for preventing abuses, which seldom allowed uses to develop to maturity. This spirit destroyed the fine organisation of the army—and an army organisation once destroyed cannot be renewed in a day. It is to this spirit we trace the littleness of British foreign policy for the last thirty years—the period embracing the reign of the Russian Emperor. And when war became a moral and political necessity, from the dominion of this spirit the country had to be rescued. In consequence, the war found us with inadequate means, a young and unseasoned army—a mere skeleton of a militia—and no reserve. Had half the efforts been made to improve the constitution of the army which were made to destroy it—had the peace party, instead of striving to disarm us, striven to destroy the aristocratic plan of promotion by purchase, which is the blight of our military system, how different would have been the fate of the army of the East. We have always contended against that system of patronage in which the most powerful of our contemporaries now professes to see the cause of our disasters. But we did not take up the argument in order to serve a political purpose, or to fabricate a dark intrigue. We did not take it up as a good and safe stone to be flung at particular men, and forgotten when it had done the work of the moment. We asked that the army might be really national, at a period when the *Times* scouted the notion, and had that demand been complied with, we should not have lacked men, alike robust and intelligent, in this hour of the country's need. These are the causes that have brought low the military prestige of England. So much for the past.

The war henceforward! Unless treachery intervene, we are on the eve of the great war which will test the sinews of the European nations and settle the pretensions of Russia. One by one States cast their lot with one or the other side. Austria meets Prussian hesitation by calling upon the German States to fight and cast their lot with her. Prussia mobilises her troops—for what? to fight for or against Russia. Sardinian troops are assembling on the shores of the Mediterranean to take ship for the Crimea. A French army is preparing, we are told, to march through Switzerland to join the Austrians. The states of Europe are marshalling for the fray; and in this contest England proposes to play a part. Shall it be a great part or a secondary part? If she would stand conspicuously in the front there must be no more of that chaotic derangement which has brought her army so low, and reduced her military prestige. There must be an end of deficiencies which shock the sense of the nation, and consume our soldiers in disease, starvation, and despair. There must be an end of nepotism and exclusivism, in patronage and promotion. There must be no more crying out in Parliament by statesmen presuming to lead this people, that Russia is not to be humiliated, that her territory is not to be infringed, that her dignity and consideration are to be conserved. Whig and Derbyite alike, uttering sentiments like

these, must be considered defunct as statesmen.

If this burst of indignation be only the outcome of noble sympathy for suffering, because we have not been more successful against the enemy, because we have not an army, and not also a denunciation of the war administration; if the people are not prepared to make their weight felt in the management of the army, so far as regards its efficiency as an instrument, then the vote of Monday will have only answered the party purpose of ousting a Ministry, and will not have carried us a jot nearer what we want—not merely army reform, but military perfection. Henceforward England's statesmen—if they would win the foremost place in Europe—must be prepared to make the boldest propositions in the allied Councils; Parliament must be prepared to sustain them with vigour; the people must support and goad the Parliament. We rejoice in the vote of Monday if it mean these things; we think meanly of it if it mean anything else. Let us grow corn; let us spin cotton; let us comb wool; let us dig, and mould, and fashion iron; let us be a great *entrepôt* of commerce; let us be, in fact, the most enterprising and successful House of Business in the Universe; but for the sake of commerce itself, if not for the sake of right, and the honour of England among the nations, do not let us forget the duties of our freedom and the obligations of our strength.

THE DARK MIRROR.

If anything has been proved by experience, it is, that society is incompetent to measure its own tendencies, to know its own impulses, to provide for its own necessities. The records of the criminal courts are continually reporting to us some outburst of passion, neither new nor unparalleled, and yet each time the report occasions a wonderment. We find some flagrant act of fraud, some brutality, some ferocity, some violation of statute or moral law, of feeling or instinct—and we are amazed; although if we look around we shall find that we have had exactly the same cases before, and the parallel misdeeds in places where they occasion little remark, or pass almost without censure. Punish men for wrong doing wherever it is done, and who shall cast the first stone? There is not a meanness, a fraud, or a violence that has not been perpetrated in the highest places. At the present moment take the picture of statesmen as painted by themselves, and they are engaged in petty shuffling intrigues to turn each other out of place on false pretences. We do not say that it is so of this statesman or of that; but we remark that they are accusing each other of such conduct, and by the accusation confessing that their class is pettifogging, invidious, insincere, and prone to sacrifice its members and its country to the paltriest gratifications of personal vanity or profit. We boast in this country of our commercial integrity; we boast of the honesty of our chief commercial companies; but what are the great facts continually bursting forth? Unless the press be calumnious, a gigantic fraud has recently been detected in the vaults of the St. Catherine's Dock Company. It would appear that forty empty pipes—from which a worthless kind of wine, valued at some five shillings the pipe, had been surreptitiously emptied—had been as surreptitiously filled with wine worth 35*l.* or 38*l.* the pipe.

But palpable as that enormous act of stealing is, it is small compared to frauds that are habitually carried on by traders. A man shall purchase a hundred ships with the understanding that he is to pay for them; his power of paying for them being dependent

upon a rapid and felicitous turn of a speculative trade. He is made a bankrupt, but his case is singular only in the scale, not in the kind. His brother merchants try to patch up the bankruptcy to save themselves; and his defence is, that he broke down through the failure of others, abroad as well at home. When the bankruptcy occurs the merchant world is all wonderment; although the causes of bankruptcy are daily generated in the trade of every city in the United Kingdom, and if they attract notice, are passed by with a smile and a wink as "the usual thing."

So it is in society; but what we specially denounce is the morbid hypocrisy which treats flagrant cases as isolated cases, instead of confessing that they are only exaggerations of classes so extensive that we know not how far their base may spread into society. Such cases are but the summits of an Alpine range where the descending sides of the mountain blend into a common base, and there is little plain unbroken. Buranelli, thwarted in his rude affections, resorted to weapons of murder for purposes of revenge rather than justice. His obvious motive is one that puts him beyond the pale of mercy: he has placed the world at defiance, and made his appeal to death by preference. There is no defence for him. Is it certain, however, that amongst those implicated, he is to be regarded as irremediably bad, or entirely the worst? Who shall judge? The question of moral culpability, however, is not the one to which we are looking at the moment; it is the curious fact that such cases occur, and that numberless other cases of a cognate kind are existing, as it were, in the germ all round; and yet upon each occasion society is lost in wonderment when the fact bursts forth in flagrant crime. The passions of men are excited by temptations, are goaded by thwarting, or concentrated by suppression; in the social conflict the raw material of crime is constantly accumulated; and when there is a conflagration, society, like an idle woman, "wonders how it can have happened!" We have remarked of French fiction two singular characteristics. The first is, that a great proportion of the incidents of the tragedy consist in the impossibility which the *dramatis personæ* have to hold their tongue. It is amongst the rarest incidents of French fiction, that, without an amazing effort, a man can refrain from saying that which is fatal to himself or to those he loves, if he be provoked to the utterance. Again, it is a frequent incident of French novels, that men fall into traps set for them, from an apparent want of the faculty of suspicion. We have, however, the same weakness in our own country, though it takes a different form. We cannot believe in the reality of passion, we hold it to be impossible that men will resort to extremes. The wife of the brawling husband thinks that "he cannot strike her;" the man who goads the passions of his companion, "believes it impossible that he can resort to a pistol or a life-preserver;" just as the statesman thinks that whatever the price of bread, or the arbitrary run of legislation for a session, it is "impossible that the working classes can rise." Yet women are beaten, day after day; pistols and life preservers are used often enough to remind us that they really are made for deadly purposes; and the working classes rise occasionally—impossible as it is always pronounced to be, just before the next time.

TO THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

MY LORD DUKE,—The fable of the Mouse and the Lion was perhaps written before the division of society into classes. But even now-a-days the Mouse may occasionally be useful to the Lion; and I, just at present, beseech your Grace's attention while I

suggest some methods by which you might escape, victorious, from this "crisis"—an episode, and not a very important one, in our Parliamentary history, but, if not well managed, the close of your career—for your explanations of Thursday night were less a defence of yourself than an exposure of Lord John Russell. You obtained and deserved sympathy as a devoted and honest man, but you have still to seek acquittal as the minister of a system and of a caste.

I believe you are a wronged man. But you are down—for the present. Your Government required a scapegoat. The system needed a victim. You were in the way of a Whig conspiracy. What matters the pretext? An enlightened country and an independent press have sentenced you. But you announce, still courageous as with a clear conscience, that you will face the roar of the multitude and will offer before Europe an undaunted vindication. That is bold. But I warn you that you will fail, that you will add the ridiculous to the ignominious, and be laughed at after being roared at, if your defence is to be a routine defence—the technical deprecation of an assailed Minister. In a word, your defence must not be on the defensive. You are fighting for your life, and you have but one chance; you will win if you assail your assailants. Do not parry, but attack, and you will convert a humiliation into a triumph, and become, from the most fallen, the most powerful of our public men.

What terms have been kept with you? Has there been any reserve in the denunciations which, for the moment, have crushed you? Are you the only man who does not detect some antical hypocrisy in the safe chivalry with which several of your colleagues insisted on sharing your bad fame—secure of escaping your hard fate? You ask justice: be first to be just to yourself. As priests believed that the whisper of a holy name exorcised devils, be sure it is, here, the truth, the mention of which will clear the vapours—the Downing-street fog—under cover of which class-conspirators have aimed their daggers at you. Dare to take the country which you are nobly worthy to serve into your confidence! You can do this without betraying a Cabinet secret. And, if you do, I foresee that you will be the Master, and not the Victim, of the position.

Why should a Radical seek salvation for a Duke? Because you have friends among us. We believe that both by circumstances and by the personal tendencies of your nature, frank, hearty, and largely sympathetic as we have judged it, you are the least aristocratic of your class. Sir Robert Peel created those circumstances which have tempted you to tempt us. He made the Tories your enemies and he made you the rival of the Whigs. Balanced between the two sections of great families, you had to seek friends, as political support, among the middle-class ambitions. It was Mr. Bright, who on Friday and Monday cheered every defence that was made for you—between Mr. Bright's class and you there has been instinctive sympathy. The Peelites, too, were somewhat compelled to become courtiers, and they were not the less national—in the sense of being less exclusively aristocratic—on that account. And we have judged of your character by your courageous indifference, as Minister, to the lordly prejudices you so often excited in the House of Lords by your defiance of some great lords. The "Keogh case" was not a happy one; but you did honour to yourself in it. We fancy that, in the clamour against you, there may be detected many signs that you are being attacked by personal enmities, formed because you were seen to be bent upon popularising public affairs.

You owe to yourself, to the party you have, and to the party you may have, to vindicate the Peelites. Remind your countrymen that you fought the Tory nobles when you carried the repeal of the Corn Laws, and that you fought the Whig nobles when you resisted the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. Do not let it be forgotten that the measure of the Coalition was the Succession Duty Extension Bill, and that that anti-aristocratic measure was in symmetrical sequence to the Corn Law Repeal. The policy of Peel, which the Peelites sustained in Opposition and in Coalition, was to annihilate class government: identify yourself with that policy—it will be better comprehended by the people than the policy of Russell-like "Reformers," from whom there come but algebraical reforms. As Peelites, you and

Mr. Gladstone were proposing a real educational measure in the abolition of the newspaper stamp. As Peelites, Lord Aberdeen and you—with the knowledge gained by the Earl of Lincoln—may recall attention to the fact that you are the only party who succeeded in governing Ireland. You were Colonial Secretary during the time that Canada became affectionate—you completed the conquest commenced by General Wolfe—Australia is prosperous, and the West Indies content. It is Peelite policy which is the governing policy of Great Britain.

But, charged with failure as Statesmen and Administrators, you and your colleagues of your party have not succeeded in the war. That is the accusation you have to face.

Your party did not rush into the war; you at least estimated as statesmen its difficulties. You had not precluded alliances in the war by insulting the Emperor of the French, like Sir Charles Wood, or sneering at the Emperor of Austria, like Lord John Russell—who also commenced the British suspicion of Louis Napoleon by turning out the colleague who, perhaps prescient, perhaps only polite, was eager to recognise the new Emperor. And you had not increased the difficulties of a future peace by speeches like those of Lords John Russell and Palmerston, wherein they denounced the Czar, the one as a barbarian, the other as a liar. Whatever the horrors of the war, your caution had seemed to anticipate them; and whatever the good fortune of your position, with French and German alliances, and the isolation of Russia, it is to your foreign policy that the acquisitions are to be traced. And your statesmanship, in the war, is not to be criticised apart from that of the Emperor of the French. If you are failures, so is he. You did not stay on the shores of the Bosphorus and Black Sea and admit an Austrian occupation of the Principalities, without his company and his leave; and with him—perhaps because of his desperate and dying Marshal—you went to the Crimea. He, a great military power, has not been complete in his military calculations; he calls out a reserve; he enlarges a foreign legion. Can he be a great statesman, while Lord Aberdeen's Government is such a failure?

Now, as to your conduct as an administrator, I do not see that you are to blame. The system required that the Minister of War should be a Parliamentary chief. You depended upon military men—if they have misled you, and mismanaged, say so, and why they have mismanaged. You did your work. You picked the only possible General. You sent out a great army. You are sending out new great forces. You sent out stores in abundance. For the civilian Minister of a commercial nation, you did miracles. If the blame of partial failure does not lie at your door, it is your duty to yourself, it is due to your country, to say where the blame does lie. If the fault of a system, denounce—destroy it. If of men, name them. Recount to Parliament what you have done to modify the system and obtain men. You have created an Order of Merit. You have thrown open commissions to the valiant of the ranks.

Turn now from the defence of yourself to the defence of your Government. The defence I have sketched will be pronounced adequate by all my readers. And if you would dare—and as a desperate man you ought to dare—that line of defence, you would make yourself the leader of that great, as yet unorganised party, which is eventually to supersede Whig Lords, Tory Lords, and conspiring Coalitions.

The public holds (and I rejoice in a conclusion so largely logical) that it is the incapacity of the governing aristocracy which renders war a dangerous game for England. But it may be suggested that it is the peculiar character of our public which constitutes us a nation incapable of consistent heroism in war. This character is exemplified in the sacrifice of a Ministry because of the loss of an army—because the exploits of our admirals and generals are disproportionate to the expectations foisted by the national vanity.

For the purpose of assailing you, in the debate of last Monday, several speakers seized upon points of invidious comparison in the parliamentary career of your ancestor, the boroughmongering Pelham. Fairly interpreted, all these points are in your favour.

"They turned out the Ministry and they saved the army," said Sir Bulwer Lytton. Who turned

out the Ministry? The very classes and men who had forced Walpole from a peace policy! But why did they turn out the Ministry? Because Admiral Byng had lost his presence of mind; and because a lordly general—the Earl of Loudoun—was found too old! In a word, because the Ministry was not allowed time to redeem casual disaster. But a comparison between the House of Commons of that day and the House of Commons of this day cannot surely be intended. In the first place, the Duke of Newcastle and the Duke of Bedford of that day had the majority in their pockets. In the next place, Pitt was brought in by an intrigue. Some people suspect that the circumstances are but slightly changed; but surely, even to ruin you, none of your class would support that suspicion by such a parallel.

Who is the Pitt now? "I can serve the country, and no one else can," said Pitt. A comparison between the Ministry of the Duke of Newcastle and that of the Earl of Aberdeen is absurd. The Duke of Newcastle based his Ministry on the exclusion of all but abject courtiers and subservient Whigs. The Earl of Aberdeen coalesced all the statesmen of the day—he bought in all the Pitts, and to say that his Ministry fails is to say the intellect of the governing class fails.

But was the change of Ministry productive of success? In a short time Pitt was found out proposing to redeem Minorca by the sale of Gibraltar to Spain! So dangerous is a "vigorous" Pitt, or a clever Palmerston! And he had his Sebastopol—his Baltic campaign! For the public clamour rose against him when the fleet and army returned, baulked, from Rochefort. Popular impatience was illustrated by a singular alternation from mourning to joy. One day a despatch arrived from before Quebec, stating that Wolfe's army was at its last gasp. Was not this a case for a committee of inquiry? But three days after another despatch arrived: Quebec was taken—England was in ecstasies—Pitt was again popular. In all the subsequent cases of disaster it was the Ministry which had invariably to suffer from the vicissitudes of war, or the incapacities of Generals. The last instance is in the Sikh campaign. There was a panic because Lord Gough had suffered a check; Sir Charles Napier was applied to in a panic; and yet Sir Charles Napier was not necessary. In the retreat of Sir John Moore, the Government was shaken. When Wellesley was retreating behind the lines of Torres Vedras the Government was shaken. All such instances suggest that the momentary disgrace of a Ministry, or of a Minister, is often unjust; the general lesson is that a people, entering on war, must learn patience. If your Grace could have announced the fall of Sebastopol when you met Parliament, you would have been popular until the next reactive disaster. Thus, when the army was sailing from Varna for the Crimea, your ability in organising so grand an armada was extolled, as it deserved; and after the battle of Alma you were the greatest of War Ministers. You will have this consolation—as the war is likely to be a long one—that you will leave your successor, not only in office, but in unpopularity!

The political chaos in which this great empire is now risked is consequent upon the monopoly of Government by one class, which class is degenerated in over-civilisation and degraded by two centuries of political vice. Our Queen must seek safety by resorting to the men who make the life of the nation. But the "intellectual vulgar" could not yet do without a lord; and if you give them party prestige, they will give you the premiership. Your class has crushed you; will you help us to crush your class?

NON-ELECTOR.

"THE STRANGER" IN PARLIAMENT.

[The responsibility of the Editor in regard to these contributions is limited to the act of giving them publicity. The opinions expressed are those of the writer: both the *Leader* and "The Stranger" benefit by the freedom which is left to his pen and discretion.]

A crisis generally lasts nine days—the period to which wonder sustains itself; and, therefore, there ought to be no disappointment that last night brought no settlement.

As yet only a few speculative Radicals have advanced to the idea of forming a Cabinet out of the House of Commons, under Mr. Gladstone and

without the aid of the old Lords, and the practical rumours are therefore still confined to a choice, or a coalition, between the Earl of Tweedledum and Viscount Tweedledee. And it illustrates at once our actual self-government and our perfect liberty, that, fully believing our public opinion is determining who shall be Ministers, we do not hesitate to propound the most ludicrous solutions of the ever-shifting party and personal problems of the hour. Jones, of the Pantechnicon Club, has the whole story—fresh every day. Why did Lord John go out: of course the pretext was a fib? Of course; he went out because the Queen would not recall Lord Raglan: it was a Whig intrigue against the Court: Prince Albert is at the bottom of it, Sir. Why would not Palmerston join Lord Derby? Why, Sir, Palmerston knows that no Ministry can stand without Gladstone; and Gladstone is a religious man, Sir, and means to keep a vow he made never to sit in the same Cabinet with Disraeli: and Lord Derby is a plucky fellow, and won't sacrifice Disraeli, Sir; and it would be an awful shame if he did. Well, who's to come in? Here Jones is less dogmatical: here his invention fails: this British citizen confesses that the destiny of his country might not be improperly arranged if Lord Lansdowne, Lord Palmerston, Lord Clarendon, Lord Granville, and Lord Grey were to toss up for the Premiership.

It is so very true, the singular discovery made by Lord Aberdeen, that all these old lords mean precisely the same thing, though now and then Lord John Russell may seek a resuscitation of Whig principles by annoying the Court through the Court General, that we can afford, even in the thick of a deadly war, to allow the personal interests of the crisis to employ all our attention. Lord Derby is rebuked by the Morning Censorium for joking at such a moment on the internecine inanities of the late Coalition. But really that is the public feeling of the moment. I never heard the Peers laugh so loud and heartily as they did at Lord Derby's finished though too pre-Raphaelite "picture of the interior." Englishmen know that their country is in no danger: already there is a reaction from the partial gloominess under which Mr. Roebuck effected the magic division of Monday night last. The Ministerial crisis, consequent on Tweedledum and Tweedledee falling out, is not a national crisis; and we ought to be obliged to Lord Derby for a fair joke. After all, are we not more interested in the inquiry why Lord John went out, than in the investigation as to who is to come in? Does not all the conversation of society—at least of London society, which is clubby and cynical, and not provincial—which is merely English, earnest, and national—indicate that we are occupied with men rather than with things; that we watch the crisis as Romans watched the gladiators—masses of muscle—representatives of nothing? And, in that light, there are great interests in the crisis. The most careful of political students must confess to one or two surprises. Surprise at the enormous power possessed by Lord John Russell. His intellect meagre, his character whining, and his conduct in regard to the Duke of Newcastle disgraceful to a gentleman, he is yet not destroyed—he was enabled to destroy a Government. Why? Because of his position. He is the head of a great party; and that great party, whatever it may think of him, must sustain him, in order to sustain itself. He and Lord Derby are the only two really strong men: as presentable debaters, holders of proxies, managers of elections, correspondents with county chieftains, confidants of state secrets, chosen agents of the great families. And, in the present position of English politics, the House of Commons aristocratic, the middle classes unprepared to take power, these two men only could form strong Governments. Lord Aberdeen, leaning upon the court, and patronised by Lord John Russell, could construct a Government of capable men, dependent for its success upon its measures. But as we have seen, Lord Aberdeen could not stand an hour, though still supported by the Court, when deserted by the strength represented in Lord John Russell. Lord Palmerston is popular—not powerful. So far, he is in the same position as Lord Chatham when the Newcastle Ministry was destroyed. But Chatham did not attempt to stand alone on his popularity. He kept Newcastle, who owned half the House of

Commons, and he gave all the patronage to the Whig aristocracy—the Bedfords, Rockinghams, and Graftons. Lord Palmerston could form a Ministry on similar conditions, bringing in the Tories or the Whigs, and acting himself for the nation. But Lord Palmerston is not a great man who can act like Chatham: he is, perhaps, even not so grand a patriot. The Tories have evidently refused him his terms; and the Whigs, always jealous of him, suspicious of him, will doubtless long hesitate before they put themselves in his power—for clearly Lord Palmerston (even if Lord Lansdowne were the nominal leader) would not undertake to obtain the Government for them, and to run all the risks for them, if Lord John Russell were to be retained alongside him as the real chief, still their confidential agent. Lord Palmerston knows that it is the Dukes of Bedford who govern when the Whigs are in office, and he would indeed be sacrificing too much, perhaps his popularity, if he went into Government anew with his old friends, to leave them the power to humiliate him, as they did in 1852, whenever they get tired of him, or whenever they conceive themselves strong enough to do without him. These are the considerations which explain the prolongation of a crisis. A Government is not formed merely by certain men: they must be representative men—not of popularity, not of principles—but of great county families, and of great city and borough cliques of old Whigs or adroit Conservatives. Sir Robert Peel, when his burst of popularity was over, but when he had offended and sacrificed the great Tory party, was a great individuality—but was no power—and could never again have been in office, except in the case of a democratic revolution, unless the Tories had readopted him. Mr. Gladstone is similarly situated. The House of Commons was enthusiastic about him on Monday night. His speech was surpassingly grand; a splendid effort of genuine genius: it was made by a perfect debater; it indicated the true statesman. But Mr. Gladstone is a mere individuality: no county magistrates trust him: he is at the head of no great political conspiracy: he merely represents the age in England; and the Age is never "sent for." This is the secret of the weakness palpable in this crisis, when nobody thinks of the Peelites, except as materials for coalition: they are merely a collection of capacities; and only that they happen to be in Parliament—they might just as well be so many editors of clever newspapers. This also explains why the public eagerness for this and that man is not attended to. It is a monstrous libel on a Sovereign who is not only thoroughly national, thoroughly patriotic, but thoroughly intellectual, to impute to the Queen any enmity to Lord Palmerston. The Queen knows, with more accuracy than is shown in the gossip of Jones, the peculiarities of the constitution; and reflection upon those peculiarities should convince Jones that it would have been simply a waste of time to send for Lord Palmerston. It may be true that Lord Grey would be a capital minister of this, and Lord Ellenborough an excellent minister of that. But these are merely clever men—Earls, it is true; but not nobles representative of other nobles, and of noble combinations. Hence they have to wait until a chief like Lord Derby, or like Lord John Russell, having arranged with the Queen, arranges with them. Perhaps a great individuality, say like Mr. Gladstone, might destroy this system, by counter-conspiring with his Sovereign and his middle-class public against the conspiracy of the nobles to wield exclusively the power of the realm of England. But—Mr. Gladstone probably thinks that the nobles are rather strong: warned by the fate of Peel, and by the miserable life of Canning, he prefers, like Mr. Disraeli, to make use of the Marquises of Carabas.

The accuracy of these views is illustrated in the quarrel between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord John Russell. The Duke of Newcastle, by his statement on Thursday night, set himself perfectly right in public opinion; facing public opinion with the boldness of a manly intellect and the sincerity of a generous heart, but with the modesty of true merit, he explained the facts, and appealed to his countrymen against the conspiracy of which he was the victim. In less than one year, as Mr. Gladstone predicted, the Duke of Newcastle will be reinstated in public favour; in ten years, when all the old lords

who are now carrying on our affairs will be dead, and forgotten as soon as dead, he may even be Prime Minister. But, for the present, notwithstanding his explanations, which would justify any very public-spirited person moving a vote of expulsion of Lord John Russell from all his clubs, and refusing invitations to all his dinners, the Duke of Newcastle has to step on one side, to a back bench, while Lord John Russell is by no means down.

Saturday Morning.

"A STRANGER."

Open Council.

[IN THIS DEPARTMENT, AS ALL OPINIONS, HOWEVER EXTREME, ARE ALLOWED AN EXPRESSION, THE EDITOR NECESSARILY HOLDS HIMSELF RESPONSIBLE FOR NONE.]

There is no learned man but will confess he hath much profited by reading controversies, his senses awakened, and his judgment sharpened. If, then, it be profitable for him to read, why should it not, at least, be tolerable for his adversary to write.—MILTON.

THE MORAL OF THE MINISTERIAL CRISIS.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

SIR,—Is it not humiliating or amusing, according as one happens to be serious or cynical, after the complete wreck of the old ministerial vessel, to find the wise men of all the accredited organs of the press put forward and recommend not any new system, or new men, but merely the old timbers and the old officers. The wreck is to be broken up, forsooth, and a raft made of its beams to float us through the storm of a European war, and the command of this miserable raft is to be given to no young or bold sailor, but to superannuated lieutenants or mates—convicted of sleeping on the watch, and allowing the vessel to drift ashore.

Even the *Times*, which so oft and so irrefragably demonstrated the danger of entrusting even a cockpit to Lord Palmerston, would now thrust him upon us as Prime Minister. Lord Palmerston, to the knowledge of all the world, has failed as Home Minister. Earl Grey, in the remembrance of every one, failed as Colonial Minister. But, as a certain class of traders are never worth anything till they have been bankrupt, so our statesmen are really not worth public consideration till they qualify by some egregious failure. Who does not recollect Lord Ellenborough as Governor-General of India, with the gates of Ghuzni on his back, and recalled in very great alarm by the East India Company? Who does not recollect Lord Grey's embroilment of England with every one of her colonies? Yet these are the men put forward for the office and the business of which the Duke of Newcastle has made a mess. According, to the same rule, his Grace will be the fittest man for Premier in a twelvemonth.

Every family, every clique, every aristocratic knot, every editorial closet in London, has its minister. And every one of them is incapable, imbecile, and superannuated. Why have not the people of England a choice, a candidate, a champion? There are papers which call themselves popular organs, which affect to represent the middle-classes, and to be the friend of the lower ones—yet whom do they recommend for first officer at this critical moment? Why, of course, some hack official, some superannuated statesman, a man who has run the gauntlet of power for the last half century, kept every man of promise and of talent from the light, and holds a foremost position solely because no younger man has been allowed to rise up and dispute it.

Political power and fitness in this country, as in every country, is the fruit of experience and apprenticeship. But the old members of the great political corporation for the last fifty years have had no apprentices indentured to them. They would take none but the rich and the well-connected. And all the rich and the well-connected were so stupid, that there was not an average pound of brains amongst them; and it is therefore that we have no statesmen—no relay of Ministers, and that we must either take the old ones or go without Ministers altogether. All this may be of comparatively little consequence in time of peace, when the only result is to obstruct the progress of the nation. But it is of tremendous consequence in war, when it sacrifices 30,000 men at a swoop, and may, by prolonged imbecility, bring the horrors of Sebastopol home to us to taste, every one of us at our own doors, and upon our own soil.

The war has read very plainly its own lesson. All that is democratic in the army has proved effective, heroic, indomitable; all that is aristocratic in the army has proved itself, brave perhaps, but incapable. What is the remedy? Plainly, assimilate the army to those of France and of Prussia, whose officers are neither appointed nor promoted for wealth or from connexion, and where the meanest person has the chance of promotion. What Minister of those named would or could do this? How, then, is it to be done? By the people seeing, admitting, and expressing the necessity for such reforms, and the constituencies making them the conditions of election. Then, and not till then, will Parliament do anything. Then, and not till then, shall we reap any

notable result from the war, or grow nearer to a profitable peace.

We have the example of Lord Derby's Ministry to disprove that the inexperienced cannot do as well as the experienced. The Tories improvised a Cabinet. They filled their offices from the Conservative clubs in such a way as we may suppose. They took the first men they met with. The result was just the same as if they had spent a month in sifting the party. The majority of the Administration were very decorous noodles, and there were one or two very clever men, who made the machine work. Could not the people, out of their men and party, do the same to-morrow? It will be said "No;" for the gentry and the House of Commons would not stand it, and all the discarded statesmen of the old cliques—the Russells and the Palmerstons—would unite with the Grahams and the Newcastles, as well as with the Dizzys and the Pakingtons, to trip up the men who had but popularity behind them, honesty within them, and no clique around. True all for the moment. But had the people a party, or had the people a press—a press could soon make a party—they would make themselves respected, nor allow any band of nobility and gentry to trifle with them.

Sir, it is the press which, more than any one or any thing else, totally fails of its duty in such an hour as this, and in so failing is alike wanting to its own interests, to those of the country, and the people.

I am, Sir, yours,

A PRESSMAN.

HOW TO CARRY ON THE WAR.

(To the Editor of the Leader.)

London, January 31, 1855.

SIR,—Should you think the following idea worthy of consideration, I shall feel obliged by its insertion:—

PROPOSITION.

That a war fund of three hundred millions be created; the interest to be paid out of the principle while the war lasts, and whatever portion may be used during the war to be a claim on the Emperor of Russia.

REASONS IN FAVOUR OF SAID PROPOSITION.

1stly. There is a great deal of capital on the Continent for which the owners now tremble; and as England, I believe, is allowed to be the safest country for investment, we may conclude a very considerable portion of the 300,000,000 would find its way from there into this country, thereby precluding the enemy and false neutrals from benefiting thereby.

2ndly. The creation of such a fund would dissipate all false illusions on the part of the Russian Emperor, and be the most powerful argument that could be used for bringing him to terms.

3rdly. It would enable "the Chancellor of the Exchequer" to remove all war taxes, and home reforms be proceeded with.

Other obvious reasons may be adduced, but I hope I have given sufficient to call the attention of clever persons than myself to the subject.

In conclusion, sir, I hold the views of Mr. Gladstone about carrying on the war without increasing our debt as absurd; and if we peril life and property to transmit to our posterity a FREE and UNPLACED COUNTRY as their inheritance, they will sadly have degenerated if they do not honour our memory for pursuing such a course.

Your obedient servant,

FAUGH A. BALLAGE.

A TURK'S NOTION OF THE END OF NICHOLAS.

We went on to a genuine Turkish kibau shop. I know not whether my reader needs to be informed that kibaus are small pieces of mutton grilled on a set of skewers, which are served on pieces of thick baked bread, with a little salad. I was about to sit down on a low stool, when Dr. Sandwith remonstrated, "Do not sit on the table." He then took me to the corner of an old khan, or general lodging-house, where an old schoolmaster was giving instruction to four or five boys. He belonged to the class of Softas, which seems rather to answer to the idea of the old Jewish schools of the Prophets. They are generally the most inveterate Mussulmen of the empire; and this man, who had formerly given Dr. Sandwith some lessons in Turkish, would not rise when we Christians entered, or give us the slightest salute. He seemed, however, glad to see my friend and to talk to him. I was unfortunate in suggesting, as a sort of touch-stone, that he should be asked how he liked the new Sheik-ul-Islam (the highest functionary of their faith), the former one having been lately displaced for his too close sympathy with the old Mussulman party. This evidently rather ruffled him: "Why do you ask me that? You must have some reason. I cannot tell you: I do not know him. All I can tell you of him is, that, before he was appointed, the lightning of God fell upon his house." We naturally got upon the war, of which his view is as follows. "Nimrod was formerly a great conqueror; but God defeated him by the hands of Abraham, to whom be blessing for ever! He was devoured by the worms, and perished miserably: so it will be with the Emperor Nicholas."—*Diary in Turkish and Greek Waters.*

Literature.

Critics are not the legislators, but the judges and police of literature. They do not make laws—they interpret and try to enforce them.—*Edinburgh Review*.

FICHTE says, in his *Characteristics of the Present Age*—"It is to be mentioned as an advantage arising from the creation of the critic species, that he who has no great pleasure in reading, or has not much time to devote to that purpose, no longer requires to read books;—but by mere reference to the Learned Journals finds the whole Literature of the Age brought within his grasp;—and in this way, indeed, it may be said that books are only printed that they may be reviewed; and there would no longer be any need for books, if reviews could be fabricated without them." This was said fifty years ago;—this, and a great deal more about the use and abuse of reviewing in Germany. The noble-minded, democratic Transcendentalist might have said it all last week, in an English lecture-room. The "ever-whirling wheel of change" has produced no alteration in the Reviewer's business, "the leading maxims" of which FICHTE states to be the following:—"That the Reviewer shall always find something to censure; and that he knows everything better than the original author." It was doubtless ordained so from the beginning. When the Book of Job first came out, and when the first Arrow-headed author wrote on Nineveh marbles, the Chaldean and Arrow-headed reviewers brought out articles "after their kind," and talked over the poor authors' heads, accusing the grand old patriarch of too much invective and digression, and Nimrod's lithographer of too great solidity and stiffness of style. Accepting, then, the great fact that Reviewers ought to know more than other authors, we break into a pile of new Magazines with becoming reverence, and throw our minds into a posture of supreme dignity—since it is our business to review the reviewers—to take stock of their infinite store of knowledge.

The *North British Review* contains several excellent articles. "The Continent in 1854" is, if we mistake not, the work of a man whose opinion is highly valued in political and literary circles, both here and abroad. The "MS. Notes of an Englishman, made in Paris in 1854," which stands as a quasi-published book to be reviewed at the head of his article, is, we believe, his own work. The extracts here given lead us to regret his determination not to publish the whole. This article is the best collection of thoughts about the war, its proximate and remote causes, its prime movers and its nearest results to Europe, that we have yet seen. The reports of his conversations with Signor MANIN, the ex-dictator of Venice, whom he pronounces to be "one of the wisest and honestest, and therefore one of the most moderate of the Italian patriots," and with the Polish General CHEZANOWSKI, who "has passed thirty years fighting against or for the Russians," are especially worthy of attention. The English military system is denounced more completely in this article than it was in Mr. B. OSBORNE's speech the other night. How long will it be before an English General of division can do with his Colonels as a French general does? "He sends back without ceremony, without excuse, all whom he finds too old, or too negligent, or too ignorant, or too dull, for real fighting."

Canrobert has the same freedom of action as his master. He cannot be expected to distribute his doses of praise among his officers according to their rank. He can mention in his despatches, without apology, captains and subalterns, and even privates. There is something grand, something magnanimous, in the unnoticed, unrewarded heroism of the English soldier; but France does not think it wise or magnanimous to let the heroism of her humbler sons remain unnoticed and unrewarded.

Nothing but the unusual worth of this article on all points which it touches could have induced us to say a word in this page about the war; and although there are papers of historical and speculative merit on the subject in all the Magazines before us (particularly in *Fraser*), we merely mention the fact—reserving our brief comments for matters not quite so grave. The writer on "The Continent in 1854" is master of a clear, hard, compact style—manly, gentlemanly, in spite of a loud dictatorial tone and a little too much dogmatism here and there—in short, it is thoroughly English in feeling and in manner. It supports what we were saying last week concerning Magazine and Review writers in France and England. Supposing this article could have been written in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, it would have contained less matter and more art. Its author, by the way, has ably expressed an opinion of the intellectual status of modern French cultivated society, so unlike that generally entertained here, and implied rather than expressed in our last week's Summary, that we feel tempted to set it before our reader—just reminding him, however, of Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's immortal aphorism, "Much may be said on both sides."

There existed in the highest Parisian society towards the close of that century a comprehensiveness of curiosity and inquiry, a freedom of opinion, an independence and soundness of judgment never seen there before or since. Its pursuits, its pleasures, its admirations, its vanities, were all intellectual. Let us recollect the success of Hume: his manners were awkward, he was a heavy, though an instructive, converser, he spoke bad French; he would pass in Paris now for a most intelligent bore; but such was the worship then paid to talents and knowledge, especially to knowledge and talents employed in the destruction of received opinions, that Hume was for years the lion of all the salons of Paris. The fashionable beauties quarrelled for the fat philosopher. Nor was their admiration or affection put on, or even transitory; he retained some of them as intimate friends for life. We may infer, indeed, from the autobiographies of that time—from those of Marmontel, for instance, and Rous-

seau—that even the inferior bourgeoisie were then educated. Every country town had its literary circles; many of them had Academies in which the great writers of France and Italy were studied. The French were not so engrossed by the serious cares of life as to disregard its ornaments. Now, the time that is not devoted to the struggle for wealth or power, to place-hunting or to money-making, is spent at the café or the spectacle. Few read anything but the newspapers, or, of them, anything but the feuilleton. If the brilliant talkers and writers of that time were to return to life, we do not believe that gas, or steam, or chloroform, or the electric telegraph, would so much astonish them as the comparative dulness of the greater part of modern French society, and the comparative mediocrity of the greater part of modern French books.

Next in place in the *North British*, and equal in value, comes an article on a very different subject—FINLAY's three works on the Byzantine Empire. The Reviewer evidently knows more of his subject than most people, and gives amusing instances of the ignorance of cultivated and literary men on all points connected with the history of the middle ages in the east of Europe—where "the language of THUCYDIDES and ARISTOTLE and the political power of AUGUSTUS and CONSTANTINE" were preserved, "till the nations of the west were once more prepared to receive the gift and to despise the giver." Like the rest of the world, we have lived by the little light which GIBSON was able to throw on that long and important period of the world's history; but we will say this for ourselves, that unlike the rest of the world we have never been contented with our ignorance. It was an "aching void," through which the grand names of JUSTINIAN, and BASIL LEO, and BELISARIUS sounded occasionally, but they called up no distinct ideas and historic fancies like the names of CHARLEMAGNE, St. LOUIS, and the Cid. The writer of the article in the *North British* gives Mr. FINLAY the honour which seems due to him—viz., that of being the only great and sound authority on Byzantine history in this country—but he warns us that FINLAY is as dry as he is erudite—that his history will never attain even the small popularity of GROTE's, and that he does not appeal to the sympathies of the many. Now, if any enterprising young scholar would set about popularising FINLAY, there were a young scholar to command the sympathies and the sterling coin of the many! We beg to inform all those whom it may concern, on the authority of this Reviewer, that "the Lower Empire" is "a strange sobriquet," the exact meaning of which nobody knows. We are very glad to hear this, as we have always thought it sounded like an absurdity.

There is a capital paper on the "Curiosities of the Census," written by one who fully understands the fictitious value of facts and figures as well as their real value. Those who are accustomed to look below the surface of our social system for the causes of its strange and sad phenomena, will find nothing absolutely new in this article. Of all the women between twenty and forty in England forty-one per cent., and in Scotland forty-eight per cent., are spinsters. This fact suggests some admirable reflections on certain conventional mistakes in the art of living, which cannot be too widely promulgated.

It became with the majority a matter of wisdom, and often of conscience, to forgo or to postpone marriage till a provision for a family had been secured; and when that period at length arrived, the habits and tastes of a solitary and unaccommodating life were irrevocably formed. Now, happily, a wiser system has given a wonderful elasticity to every branch of industry, while emigration has relieved our redundant numbers, the demand for labour has once more overtaken the supply; and not only has its remuneration consequently risen, but every man, not actually suffering under physical or moral inability, may feel secure that his powers, honestly and steadily exerted, will suffice to maintain him. Few men now, we sincerely believe, need to remain unmarried after the age of thirty. If they do so, accidental incapacity apart, it must be a matter of preference or of indolence.

Numbers, however, do and will remain unmarried, especially among our upper classes, from necessities artificially created or gratuitously supposed. Younger sons are constantly doomed to celibacy, not because a marrying income is unattainable by them, but because prejudice, custom, pride, or laziness forbid them to toil for its attainment. By inheritance, or by public employment, they possess, perhaps, just sufficient to permit them to enjoy the pleasures and amenities of a London life; miscellaneous society stands them instead of a domestic circle,—the club supplies the place of a home,—vagrant and disreputable amours (or amours that ought to be disreputable) make them unambitious of and unfit for wives, and they prefer to rest satisfied with a pleasant, rather than labour for a happy and worthy existence. Others, again, possess an income amply sufficient for the support of a wife and family, but will not believe it to be so. Their ideas of the style and comfort in which it is necessary to live, are formed on a conventional and unreasonable standard. They will not condescend to the fancied indignities, or they cannot endure the trivial privations, of economy,—they will not ask the woman of their choice to share with them any home less luxurious than she has been accustomed to, and they condemn her to live without love rather than expose her to live without a carriage. God only knows how many noble creatures have their happiness sacrificed to this miserable blunder,—how many pine away existence in desolate and dreary singleness, amid luxuries on which they are not dependent and splendour which confers no joy, who would thankfully have dwelt in the humblest cottage, and been contented with the simplest dress, and have blest the one and embellished the other, if only the men to whom they have given their hearts had possessed less false pride and more true faith in woman's love and sense and capacity of self-abnegation. A higher and more just conception of the materials which really make up the sum of human enjoyment,—a sounder estimate of the relative value of earthly possessions,—a more frequent habit of diving down through the conventional to the real, and a knowledge of how much refinement, how much comfort, how much serene content are compatible with the scantiest means, where there is sense and courage to face the fact and to control the fancy,—would in half a generation reduce the million and a quarter of spinsters we have spoken of to a few hundred thousands, and raise into the condition of honoured happy wives the vast majority of those "beautiful lay nuns" (as they have been called), whose sad, unnatural, objectless existence, whose wasted powers of giving and receiving joy, it makes the heart bleed to witness.

This passage is as true in fact as it is beautiful in feeling and expression.

The article on "Drunkness" is serious and sound, and that on Dr. DOMAN's books about "Diet and Dress" very clever and sensible, full of wit and curious felicities. Indeed, the whole number is above the average of the *North British* itself, which is no small praise.

Fraser, too, gives us a capital number. The paper on "Japan" is interesting from every point of view, but especially from the commercial. The one on "Verse Books" and that on "Barnum" are to be noted. "Alwyn's First Wife," a charming tale (by the authoress of the "Head of the Family"), is concluded, and "Hinchbrook," a story by a masculine hand, that promises to be very good, is begun. There is also a good historical paper on MASSER's "History of the Reign of George III."—a book to be read as an antidote to MACTARLANE's.

Blackwood, also, has a smart "show-up" of "Mr. Barnum," the prodigious showman; and *Tait* has another. But *Blackwood's* best article (subtracting those upon the war) is one on FERRIER's "Institutes of Metaphysic"—a first-rate *Blackwood*-built review—pleasant and profitable to all that love speculation on things non-sensible. The worst article in the number, in every sense, is a praise of BULWER for being un-Bulwerised.

In *Tait*, the paper on "American Poets" contains some choice writing and thinking on poetry and criticism. The "Coffee-houses of the Restoration" is a fine specimen of a light but sufficiently learned Magazine article. The author illustrates his argument with spirit and grace. Undoubtedly we modern journalists do the work which was done formerly, *vis à vis*, at Will's and Button's, the Grecian and White's.

The *Dublin University* has a varied bill of fare. "The Dramatic Writers of Ireland," another article on "Verse Books," and one on DONALDSON's "Varronianus," are most worthy of remark.

In *Bentley's Miscellany*, the "Adventures of a Round of Beef" carry us to the Crimea, and entrap the peaceable reader into the camp before Sebastopol, but they serve to amuse him when he is there. The paper on the "German Almanacks for 1855" is well worth reading.

The *National Miscellany* gives two papers of interest, one on "Mottoes and Devices," and another on the "Charitable Institutions of Paris."

We know of books and hear rumours of books to come out in the spring. Such of these as we may mention without damaging our character for discretion and the wisdom of silence, we will gratify our readers by telling them now. The ever-welcome, ever-young LEIGH HUNT is about to give the lovers of poetry something they have long desired—viz., a collection of his best narrative Poems. ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING and ROBERT BROWNING are both preparing new Poems for this year. Of these we only know that Mrs. BROWNING's is a narrative Poem.

Miss JEWSEBURY has a novel ready for publication. We hear also of a volume of Selections from the Writings of THOMAS CARLYLE, to be edited by one who will do his work with taste and discrimination.

The death by his own hands of M. GERARD DE NERVAL, one of the most delicate and fantastic of French humourists, has saddened and amazed all Paris this week. He was buried on Tuesday amidst the profound sympathy and sorrow of a host of friends. We hope to be able to dedicate a word or two to his memory next week.

LIVING GREECE.

La Grèce Contemporaine. Par Edmond About.

Paris: Hachette.

It is necessary at length to admit Modern Greece as a living entity into our catalogue of nations. Blessed or cursed with a German king and a native Parliament, a foreign court and a national debt—despite the fleeting honours of the Pacifico blockade—she doubted, and allowed others to doubt, her vitality until convinced thereof by that great fact called "combined occupation." The man who believed himself to be of glass was not unduly surprised when his friends knocked him down and held him. Many Greeks, who are not *bacchals*—for those thrifty "general dealers" are in a state of temporary ecstasy—now speak of their country in a tone of plaintive pride, which would be amusing if it did not suggest melancholy reflections.

There never was a more obstinate feeling than that of Philhellenism. We scarcely know a single genuine convert. When once a man adopts that creed it influences his mind for ever, no matter what are his disappointments and miscalculations. There are hundreds of people who speak of Greece with all the bitterness of lovers talking of the mistress who has rejected them, but who take care to mark at the same time that they are ready to return to the old folly at a word or a sign. This seems at first inexplicable; for the modern Greek, though anything but the ruffian he has been sometimes painted, is by no means, when familiarly known, a lovable individual. His intense egotism, his belief in his own superiority—contrasted with his humble political position and imperfect intellectual culture—would appear calculated to repel the very men you most perseveringly admire—the refined and classically educated. But these dupes—we shall presently restrict the meaning of that word—move in a medium of their own, through which they see the world clothed in certain unreal colours, and are often as incapable of distinguishing the excellences of the present time as the defects of the period that marked its lapse by Olympiads. To them names are things; and it would be absurd from this to argue their imbecility. Great students in all departments have the same fault, without which they would be like common men; and of common men who can "pull a dial from their poke," and argue that because 'tis ten now 'twill be eleven in an hour, heaven knows we have enough. When our state is perfect, and only then, shall we be entitled to discard the services of those who talk enthusiastically of Liberty, Virtue, and Democracy, and other things synonymous and

beautiful, and shame us by relating how they flourished of old. Meanwhile, let us forgive them if they receive Vlachas as model men because they call themselves Athenians, and are ready to embrace the first Greek who vociferates enthusiastically of freedom and nationality, with a medal of Nicholas under his waistcoat.

When we insinuate that the Philhellenes who have been ready to take up the cause of a particular nation because it grows on the same soil that bore men we all revere, are dupes, we merely mean that their affection is exaggerated and liable to lead them into error. Although the Greeks are less amiable than many races equally weak, they have various claims to notice, and various sterling virtues. Above all, they have the advantage of position; and when they have learned the rudiments of politics, must necessarily become important in the Mediterranean. Nor will they be left to work out their destiny unassisted. But the sympathies and the hand of Europe will be first directed towards nationalities, which suffer infinitely more, but with admirable patience adjourn the discussion of their own grievances until the great enemy of freedom is put down.

M. Edmond About, whose volume we have before us, does not seem ever to have been a Philhellene. He belongs to a younger and more sceptical class. The enthusiasm which he imagines himself to have felt before his visit was evidently a literary preparation, or a vague reminiscence. At any rate, his first experiences deprived the Greeks of any corner they may have retained in his heart. He tries still to do justice to them, and in his general observations says far too much; but, in fact, he has looked under the varnish, and finds them to be made of common wood. Even when he endeavours to defend the physical beauties of the country from the aspersions of two satirical officers who had made observations thereon through eighteen-inch telescopes, as they passed on postal service as near Cape Matepan as charts allow to be safe, he is obliged to say:—"If an enchanter or a capitalist were to transmute the Morea into a new Normandy, he would earn nothing but the unanimous maledictions of artists." We cannot here pause to explain why the country of the sun, though admirable for the poet, is for the artist a delusion and a snare; but must say that this excuse for the deplorable idleness and indifference of Greece, which has kept her one of the most unproductive regions in Europe, is inadmissible. Even if artists were to be driven mad, the slopes of the Morea should be forested; but it is useless to repeat the advice. M. Tiersch—we trust that our memory does not deprive the learned gentleman of a consonant—explained the whole matter in the most elaborately satisfactory manner before Otho blessed the shores of Hellas with his presence—in a book written as a manual for the new king—but the only result has been that the unhappy country is still more denuded than of yore.

M. About, who writes in an off-hand way to suit the taste of railway readers in France, but who has evidently studied his subject as if he had meant to make a book big enough to please a Dutchman, has common sense on his side when he tells us that the inhabitants of Greece are still for the most part Greeks. There is no record of any extermination of the old race; and we need not refer to the ingenious speculations of M. Milne Edwards for authority to say that a people remaining on its own soil, even if it receives a great foreign mixture into its blood, has a tendency to throw off the strange element and return to its original type. However, it is certain that there has been some degeneracy—rather mental and moral than physical—and if "those tall youths, with slender figures, oval countenances, vivacious eye, and lively mind, who fill the streets of Athens, are certainly of the same family that furnished models to Phidias," as M. About maintains, it must be admitted the female part of the population has greatly deteriorated. Yet even here exaggeration must be guarded against; we have seen Greek ladies "ripe and real," who most certainly have rivalled Andromene before the too early visit of Lucina. They were still marvellously beautiful, though with traces of life, which is suffering, that marble refusal to receive, and evidences of soul that we seek in vain beneath the fathomless stone eye-ball. On the whole, however, M. About's description is correct; Greek women are generally ugly and vulgar, and totally destitute of grace; so that the lover's invocation, "Stoop, O ye mountains, that I may see Athina, my charmer, who walks like a goose," calls up a picture as well as a smile.

"The Greeks have exactly as much passion as is necessary for them to make use of what mind they possess; and they have as much mind as any people in the world, there being, so to speak, no intellectual labour of which they are incapable." The reader is necessarily surprised to meet this passage in a book which speaks of Greece throughout in a spirit of depreciation that is almost unjust. Is it a sign of remorse, a slip of the pen, or a polite concession to Athenian friends? In any case, being an almost complete description of a perfect people applied to one of the most deficient in Europe, it must be rejected *in toto*. The Greek people are, on the contrary, oversupplied with passion; they are inexorable in hatred, unbounded in ambition, insatiable in vanity; but, during a long period of slavery, they have learned to bury their feelings, and to affect the indifference which M. About believes to be their characteristic. As to their intelligence, it is certain they have great aptitude in committing to memory the formulæ of science, but like all other Orientals, they are incapable of applying them practically unless under foreign direction. A Greek may seem perfect master of all the principles of politics and diplomacy, but if, when called upon to apply them to the present crisis, he affects to do more than say plaintively that the rayas are an oppressed people, and that Nicholas is their only friend, depend upon it he dissimulates and has a purpose to serve. Mark one curious circumstance, reader: no Greek ever raised his voice for suffering Italy, or Hungary, or Poland. The following little narrative, which we take from M. About, might receive a hundred corroborations:—

At the epoch of my arrival in Greece (February, 1852) there were at Athens twenty-five or thirty Poles, who, after having been engaged in the Italian war, had found in that meagre country a still more meagre hospitality. The climate did not suit them; nearly all suffered from fever; and all would have died of hunger but for the generosity of a Greek, M. Négris, who supplied them with the money necessary to establish a riding-school. They carried it on at a loss, and M. Négris in two years spent 30,000 francs; however, they lived. The people of Athens, who cannot understand that good can be done without interested motives, accused M. Négris of ost-

spring against the peace of Europe with this handful of fever-patients and old men. The Poles were constantly ill-treated: two or three were assassinated. A Greek officer insulted a Pole on the road to the Piræus: the Pole called him to account; the Greek refused to fight, saying that he did not know whom he had to do with. "Sir," replied the Pole, "I am an officer, as you are, and more than you are, for I have fought, and am ready to fight again." The Greek had the courage to hold to his point, and did not fight. Despite this unworthy treatment, the poor Poles tried to make themselves useful. A fire broke out at Athens. The Greeks collected, as usual, to look on and make a noise. The Poles exposed their lives. Shortly after they were driven away from Athens because they gave umbrage to Russia. They were dragged from their houses with a brutality which added to the odious nature of the transaction. They were embarked without being allowed to arrange their affairs, and started for America without money. The Greek government, to justify its conduct, published in its official journal those documents seized in the house of the chief of the Poles, General Milbitch—their proclamations addressed two years before to the Greeks of Bulgaria and Servia to exhort them to beware of Russia.

The most amusing part of Greek policy is this, that whilst the whole nation affects to commiserate the wretched condition of the rayas of the Turkish empire, it persists in maintaining the law which excludes those rayas, who may be induced by false reports to come and replenish the solidities of the young country, from all the honours, and, above all, from all the emoluments of office. The fact is that the true Hellen—the man who fancies he can see Constantinople from the top of the mountains of Arcadia, and who teaches his wife to promise Constantinople as a reward to good children—looks forward to the time when he shall be able to conquer the new empire of Turkey, expel or slaughter the Moslems, and keep the Christian rayas in a bond of modified servitude; or, as the prudent express it for European ears, in a kind of tutelage until they have reached a political and moral development equal in magnificence to that of the genuine Autochthons. It will be well for statesmen to keep in mind this feeling in any future arrangements; for, whatever may be the destiny of the much-talked-of Christian population of Turkey, they must not change their condition for the sole profit of "free Greece."

We had noted several other points for observation in M. About's lively and fascinating volume; and perhaps what we have said will scarcely give a correct idea of its contents. We have insisted on matters that specially interest us. M. About goes over the whole ground, talks of manners as well as of government, and prefers telling a good story to giving a statistical table. He is eminently a cheerful traveller, and knows how to record his agreeable impressions in epigrammatic and sparkling language. Will he allow us, in passing, to say, however, that we wish he would discard for the future from his pages the French conventional Englishman—the imbecile islander who will not give a hand to a fellow-creature in distress until he has obtained an answer to the question, "Are you a gentleman?"—the fabulous fop who carefully preserves his own accent in speaking foreign languages, for fear of not being recognised as a Briton—above all, the branchy peer of the realm, who is always marrying some exquisite beauty, treating her (as was to be expected from the commercial principles of one of a nation of shopkeepers) as "a thing he has bought," and finally abandoning her to a succession of amiable foreigners—for, shame upon them!—all lovely, barbarous ladies, French included, are extremely naughty, and love to punish the honest awkward boobies who marry, without appreciating them, in a way peculiarly pleasant to themselves? If M. About can get through this breathless question, we hope he will ponder on the hint it contains. His Englishman is an unreal being; and his presence in such agreeable pages is liable to perpetuate the extraordinarily erroneous ideas existing in France as to our national character. What is intended as harmless pleasantry is taken by the mass of readers as positive fact. Nine-tenths of our neighbours look upon the English as a set of idiotic sentimentalists, perpetually going about the world howling "Ow Jenny!" to the first pretty face they meet. In other departments the misapprehension is kept up by similar means. We heard the other day a grave artist state that thousands of English go every year to Italy and buy pictures to persuade the world that they appreciate the arts; but they don't want their purchases—send them home by water, and never wish to see them again;—there is, in fact, a large warehouse built on the banks of the Thames—he had seen it—in which all the works of art bought in Italy for the last fifty years by private Englishmen still remain in bond! Nobody doubted the fact; and the only remark the anecdote excited was made by a well-known political writer, who said, "It must be true because it is extraordinary." We should like to see this absurd impression done away with, because it is not good for the French to believe that the principles of liberty can be best applied by a nation of eccentric buffoons.

FIVE FICTIONS.

Philip Lancaster. By Maria Norris.

Matilda Lonsdale. By Charlotte Adams.

Hildred; the Daughter. By Mrs. Newton Crossland.

The Old Chelsea Bun House.

The Step-Son. By F. N. Dyer.

Saunders and Otley.

Routledge.

Routledge.

Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Bentley.

MISS NORRIS possesses in a very eminent degree all the qualifications for a highly successful novelist except one. She has a clear insight into the delicate individualisms which mark the various components of middle-class society; she can paint them faithfully and in good keeping throughout a story; she has a happy vein of humour; she is exceedingly liberal in her views, free from social, political, or religious prejudices, sensible in her own views and suggestions, and she writes clear, intelligible English without any attempt at fine writing, or that vulgar weakness of strong-minded penwomen laborious struggles after mystic profundity. All this she can do—but this she cannot do—or, at any rate, shows no signs in *Philip Lancaster* of the power to do it—she cannot construct a story. A more fragmentary, desultory, rambling, and unexciting series of incidents strung together more at random, without any view to a whole or to a definite conclusion, we have seldom read. At the same time, we must state that we were constrained to read the entire three volumes from beginning to end, and even with more pleasure than is often our fate when journeying through this territory of our literature. The want of the power to construct a story is a

deficiency not remediable by study or volition—the story-teller no more *fit* than the poet, poems and stories being equally of the creative power. Hence, in our inability to tell whether Miss Norris possesses or does not possess that power, we can offer no advice to her. If the former be the case, we can predict a high rank for the writer of *Philip Lancaster* among our female novelists—if the latter, the sooner she leaves this department of letters the better.

We should have considered *Matilda Lonsdale* as belonging to that delightful class of books of the tenderest insipidity, spiced with cant, called Books for the Young, had it not been for the absence of any intimation to that effect on the title-page, and the presence inside of too many words not eatable by the young. We do seriously hope, for the honour of our country, that there does not exist in the British islands one person capable of reading *Matilda Lonsdale* fluently, who could possibly take the slightest interest in it. Story there is none; not even the meagre attempt at one; characters there are none; there are only a few incidents that must have fatigued the actors, and that should have been forgotten in the acting. A wet day in the smallest country town could not be tamer and flatter than the life of *Matilda Lonsdale*. The writer can spell correctly, and that is all the power she manifests in this book.

Hildred is very little removed from *Matilda Lonsdale*, and is only removed at all by the fact of there being a story; a good one potentially, but moved in the telling. *Hildred's* father is an immensely wealthy merchant, and when she was a mere child he settled twenty thousand pounds upon her by deed of gift, which has been an amazing interest until she comes of age, which she does immediately on the story opening. She then discovers that the money so invested had been placed in her father's hands by a French Count just before the Reign of Terror, that he had been executed together with his wife, and that her father had invested the money in her behalf without making the slightest inquiry regarding the heirs of the dead Count. *Hildred* decides that she will not touch a penny of the money, but will find out the heir and restore it intact. Now it is evident that out of this material an excellent story might have been made—the search of *Hildred* for the count's heir might have become, in adequate hands, a companion to *Evangelina*—a Pilgrimage of Principle as hers was a Pilgrimage of Love. No such thing, however, does Mrs. Crossland do. After having talked big about what she is going to do, *Hildred* never does anything whatever towards finding the heir, but simply distils the most feverish Methodism with a consumptive sempstress until a young man proposes to her and is accepted, who turns out, without any effort on *Hildred's* part to discover it, to be grandson of the executed Count, so that *Hildred* pays the money to her own husband, and the story ends with justice being done by the blindest chance, and without the slightest self-sacrifice. The quantity of scripture-phrases in the book will, however, ensure its sale.

Many and singular are the avocations and employments that human beings will of their own will select as their contribution to the progress of society. Nothing so lofty but some man will scale it—nothing so mean but some one will descend to it; nothing so perilous but some will dare it; so pusillanimous but a small soul is found to do it. Here we have some lady or gentleman unknown, who for seven years has placidly walked out of the world's arena, and leaving Corn Laws, Crystal Palaces, Ministerial incapacity, and the Crimean war to settle themselves, has taken his or her camp-stool into a corner, and busied himself in reading some twenty volumes of two-century-old literature, and in assiduously unlearning the English language of to-day, not to get out of the Past the lesson for the Present, but simply to be able to write a batch of possible episodes of human existence with a certain *véraisemblance* and local colour correct to the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The *Old Chelsea Bun House* is the last note of this striking-backwards clock. We have little sympathy with this bastard antique. We cannot see why a meagre tale, that no one could write in modern English without its meagreness being sun-clear, should possess any additional claim to notice because all words now ending in "ancy" or "ism" are spelt with "ation" instead, and "worse" is always used for "worse." Neither can we see why a work which no publisher would think of printing in to-day's type, should be worth printing in red and black, in the imitated typography of last century. Surely the Present has other claims upon its sons and daughters; surely the dead Past has enough dead of its own to bury, without a member of the living Present sending a supererogatory family of illegitimate Pastings for it to inter. Waiving this serious fundamental objection, and imagining the *Old Chelsea Bun House* to be a *bona fide* production of last century, it is pleasant reading enough. We read it with a kind of feeling that it is genuine, and that we are improving our acquaintance with a past age; but when we come to recollect that it is not genuine, we feel how our time has been wasted, and conclude that if we have received any impressions from the book we had better erase them as so many delusions. When we have paid our half-dollar to see Joice Heth, and learn after that she was not 170 years old, and did not nurse Washington, it is no satisfaction to be told that she was a very good make-up of that age, and really was a physical curiosity.

Mr. Dyer, the author of the *Step-Son*, is, we believe, a young man, who, when much younger, went through that phase of literary wild-ots sowing, the writing and printing of a volume of verse. It is a great proof of Mr. Dyer's good sense that he has now taken up with plain prose. For this reason, and also because we think that of first attempts *nil nisi bonum* is a good critical maxim, we desire to speak as favourably of the *Step-Son* as we conscientiously can. The whole work bears unmistakable marks of the writer having sedulously and persistently done his best: he has carefully compiled a story, and has told it with the most scrupulous care. The *Step-Son* is accordingly well written as regards its English, and an absence of any conceit or effort removes a host of minor faults. We would, however, suggest to Mr. Dyer that the elements of his story only appeal to the lowest stage of cultivation, and that he seems to have ignored the history of the progress of sterling fiction. Mr. Bodemal is a country gentleman of fifty, a Catholic, and wealthy. He has a son Frederick, a wild youth; a daughter Julia; a second wife, and two young children by her; his wife's maiden aunt; his father's confessor, Bertrandi; and his niece Giannina. These compose his household. Mr. Bodemal's second wife is a Protestant, and Julia

is engaged to a Protestant, and Mr. Bodemal is of a wavering character. Hence Bertrandi is afraid of the Church losing her sheep, and especially the rather heavy fleece they have ready for her shears; and he determines to see that the Church keeps her own. Accordingly, through these volumes, Bertrandi concocts and carries out the most elaborate and the vilest schemes of fraud that can be imagined. He gets Giannina and Frederick to become his accomplices—the latter his tool—and these three commit or attempt forgery, perjury, murder, slander, false-witness, lying without end, and, what is more, discuss all these villainies among themselves in cool blood, in the most matter-of-fact manner. Mr. Bodemal, on the other hand, is irresolutely good; his wife perfection; her aunt, a female Edwin Chadwick, talking in the polysyllabic English of Jeremy Bentham; and, in fact, all the rest pure white, as set-offs to the other trio of intense black. Black conquers white; Mr. Bodemal is made to believe Mrs. B. an adulteress; Frederick marries Giannina and collars the estates, Mr. Bodemal being safely shelved in a lunatic asylum by a forged order, Mr. B. being as sane as you or I. Short triumph of black, and then white re-triumphant. Bertrandi and his niece get drowned instead of hanged, and everybody ends in *statu quo*, plus a little matrimony, and minus Catholicism. There is only the absence of positive evangelical twaddle that prevents this work from being a supreme success in serious circles; that causes us to treat this farrago of villainies with complacency. We believe it to be simply a mistake on Mr. Dyer's part. He has erroneously supposed that a good tale is compounded of violent contrasts—by bringing the pure diabolic and the pure angelic into the ring and letting them have a round together, the author being bottle-holder to the angelic, and taking care that the sponge is flung up when the diabolic is down. So far from this being the case, it is merely the rudest and most primitive form of novel. As culture progresses, society refuses third robbers and heroines in book muslin with their back hair down; it demands from a novelist that he shall penetrate deeper into human nature, and instead of giving us the self-evident angles of humanity, give us those secret and mysterious shades and varieties of idiosyncrasy and character which are the true marks of the individual. Does Mr. Dyer imagine that there have been in England in all time, in the same class of society, two such villainies perpetrated as compose his story? Does he believe it possible to-day? Does he think that villains talk so matter-of-fact of their infamy—that a young woman confesses to her uncle that she is marrying a man for momentary sensual gratification and no more—that a young Englishman plots away his step-mother's good fame so coolly? Or does he not rather imagine, that when once in a couple of centuries people are found weak or depraved enough to perpetrate these enormities, a latent element of manhood does yet linger to make them express by looks and signs what human lips can seldom be got to utter? If the *Step-Son* professed to be a picture of some corrupt nook in the darkest ages, it would not be a true picture of humanity—how much less so of to-day. We therefore advise Mr. Dyer to consider the *Step-Son* as a mistake, and when next he writes a novel, to remember that a novelist should be an exponent of human nature, an interpreter of human character; and that a great novel, like a great picture, is not produced by merely flinging together strong lights and shades, but by an infinitude of delicate tones and tints, distinguishable from one another, yet blending without violence into a homogeneous and harmonious whole.

COLONISTS AND TRAVELLERS.

Australia and its Gold Fields: A Historical Sketch of the Present Australian Colonies, from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, with a Particular Account of the Recent Gold Discoveries, &c. By Edward Hammond Hargreaves.

The Art of Travel; or, Shifts and Contrivances Available in Wild Countries. By Francis Galton. H. Ingram and Co. John Murray.

THE destinies of nations have been changed by individuals more frequently and more entirely than by any progressive development of their own physical or intellectual resources. Consider the effects produced on the world by the lives of Alexander, Caesar, Charlemagne, Peter the Hermit, Columbus, Napoleon! The list might be increased from the ranks of kings and conquerors, discoverers, and men of science. We may, at all events, venture to add one name to it—that of EDWARD HAMMOND HARGREAVES, the first discoverer of gold in Australia. Reflecting for an instant on the condition of that country a few years ago—a wool-growing, cattle-breeding colony, useful in providing food to men who found it difficult to procure a livelihood elsewhere, but utterly insignificant in its relation to the rest of the world—and comparing that condition with its present state as the richest mineral country of the world, the country which exported more than fifty millions sterling of gold in the space of three years—we think that the man whose discovery produced this vast and unparalleled change deserves to rank among the few whose lives have given new destinies to nations.

In the volume before us Mr. Hargreaves has given us a faint sketch—the very faintest—of his own history. We could have wished it more explicit and complete, not from personal curiosity to know more about a man who has made the greatest discovery of modern times, but because there is enough in the outline he has furnished to show that his life has been one of struggle and hardship, difficulties overcome by patience and perseverance, and the evils of early poverty and defective education counteracted by strong principle and indomitable self-reliance. We cannot have too many or too copious—so long as they are simple—biographies of such men, the true heroes to whom popular worship should be addressed in preference to men of the sword and sceptre. He was an Australian settler at the age of seventeen; before eighteen he was a "squatter" with cows and bullocks of his own, and a married man; at nineteen he was a father.

The news of the discovery of gold in California in the autumn of 1848 reached New South Wales in January, 1849. It was at first received with doubt; but the arrival of a ship shortly afterwards with a quantity of the precious metal on board silenced incredulity. Then the same effect followed as was produced in England. The *auri sacra fames* induced hundreds, or thousands, of peaceful colonists to abandon home and property,

friends and family, and rush off to Western America in the hopes of returning in a few months laden with fabulous wealth. This was the more natural from the fact that Australia had for some years been in a languishing condition. The years 1841-2-3 were those of an almost universal bankruptcy throughout the colony, and Mr. Hargreaves takes a venial pride in telling us that he was one of the very few who passed through the crisis, paying 20s. in the pound. It is beside our purpose, and would occupy too much space, to trace out the many causes which contributed to this decline in the fortunes of Australian colonists. A strange remedy was discovered—a remedy which was little better than suicide as a cure for "all the natural ills that flesh is heir to," because it must, if persevered in, have proved suicidal to the farmer's permanent interests. It was the boiling down of sheep whole, so as to get every atom of tallow the carcass produced; and this tallow actually brought a higher price in the market than the living sheep was nominally worth. We do not recollect, nor does Mr. Hargreaves record, who was the ingenious inventor of the sheep-boiling process; but we well remember our fears that there would soon be no mutton left in a colony where this strange and summary practice was resorted to.

Mr. Hargreaves was one of those bitten with the gold mania, and was one of the first Australian Colonists who quitted the land of the south for California. He was not very successful in his new enterprise. He arrived just as the rainy season set in; had some difficulty in procuring a waggon to convey him to "the diggings;" was cheated and deserted by the driver he had engaged; fixed on an unfavourable spot for his first essays, and, if afterwards rather more fortunate in this respect, never, it appears, earned enough to barely repay the hardship and misery of the life he led in a winter from whose severity people were dying all around him, while he jumped up nightly from his bed of pine branches laid on slates, to knock the snow off his tent, lest its own weight should break through the canvas. He had, however, gained much from his visit to the gold mines of California. We must here give his own words:—

But far more important thoughts than those of present success or failure were, from the very first, growing up in my mind, and gradually assuming a body and a shape. My attention was naturally drawn to the form and geological structure of the surrounding country, and it soon struck me that I had, some eighteen years before, travelled through a country very similar to the one I was now in, in New South Wales. I said to myself, there are the same class of rocks, slates, quartz, granite, red soil, and everything else that appears necessary to constitute a gold field. So convinced did I become of the similarity of the two countries, that I mentioned my persuasion to my friend Davison, and expressed my belief that we should soon hear of a discovery of gold in that country, and my determination, if it was not discovered before my return to New South Wales, to prosecute a systematic search for it. Of my companions, some laughed at me and others reasoned against my theory.

But ridicule, most powerful against weak minds, seldom deters a strong one from following its own bent; while reason is almost thrown away against those convictions which are either fanatical or inspired, as they prove to be false or correct. Mr. Hargreaves left California to search for gold in New South Wales. He landed in Sydney in January, 1851, started at once across the Blue Mountains to the spot he had "marked down" in his mind's eye, got a boy to guide him to the creek where there was water to be found, dug up a piece of the soil into a tin pan, washed it, and found the gold. One or two more experiments made, with the same result, he was satisfied with his discovery, rode back to Sydney, announced the great tidings to the Colonial Government, and demanded his reward. The usual official caution was, of course, manifested by the local powers; but eventually Mr. Hargreaves was authorised to pursue his discoveries, being made a Commissioner of Crown lands, at the tremendous salary of 20s. a-day. Eventually, when the truth of his statements had been verified, and he had practically demonstrated the existence of countless wealth in the Australian soil, the Legislative Council of New South Wales voted him 10,000*l.* as his reward—"deducting, by way of discount," he says, "the 500*l.* I first received"—to enable him to pay the current expenses of his explorations.

Such is the history of the discovery of gold in Australia. Mr. Hargreaves, however, states candidly that Sir Roderick Murchison had seven or eight years earlier proclaimed the fact that gold would be found in the colony—founding his opinion on a careful examination of the geological specimens of the country forwarded to him by Count Streleczki, and comparing them with those of the Ural, which he had himself visited. But Mr. Hargreaves knew nothing of geology, or any other science, and had never even heard of Sir Roderick Murchison. Such is fame. Would Sir Roderick have believed that there existed a civilised being, much more a countryman of his own, who had never heard his name, and would not have known whether he was a court physician, the new Lord Mayor, or a country gentleman of the Protectionist interest?

The book which Mr. Hargreaves has presented to the world is a curious medley. We have a history of Australia in five and twenty pages, and a history of gold mines, tedious to read, in forty-two more. Then follow two really interesting chapters, containing an account of the author's own adventures in California and Australia. A fifth chapter is devoted to an account of the various methods of working for gold, ancient and modern, the greater part of which is useless and almost out of place in a work which claims to be both practical and unpretending. And then follows a sixth chapter on the land question in Australia—that *vezata questio* which is still puzzling the brains of the colonists, and would infallibly confuse those of most of our readers. As far as we can see, the present rule of having a fixed upset price for all land is the most vicious part of the system in force.

Mr. Hargreaves has added to his own work two letters from his friend, Mr. Simpson Davison, on the origin of gold. Like all theories which cannot be brought to the test of actual proof, it has a number of ugly objections to it which cannot be hastily got rid of. Still it is ingenious, and at least as good as any other on the subject. It is "that all alluvial gold has been distributed and deposited by means of a perishable lava; and that the quartz veins, as well as some other dykes, traversing constants, have been the fissures of discharge, the only remains of the decomposed lava being gold, quartz, and other pebbles, clays, and ferruginous earths." Those of our readers who are scientific enough to relish the subject will find this theory well discussed and advocated by Mr. Davison.

As a pendant to Mr. Hargreave's work, which contains so many incidents of travel in wild countries, we have placed Mr. Galton's *Art of Travel*, in which the author has collected with singular research a series of recipes for the alleviation of every imaginable difficulty that can beset a man in the wilderness. These are partly the results of his own experiences in his explorations of tropical South Africa, and partly gathered from the works of other travellers, sportsmen, and missionaries. As far as our own experience will guide us in judging of Mr. Galton's "shifts and contrivances"—and we have had the fortune or misfortune to be obliged personally to test many of them—we can strongly commend them. We should be sorry to endorse them all as infallible or even advisable (are there many people who will adopt the expedient of cutting a hole in their arm and inserting in it a silver tube filled with gems, and letting the skin heal over it, as a protection against highway robbery?), but altogether the book is very entertaining to 'dip into,' and will be useful to every man who wanders beyond the precincts of civilisation.

The Arts.

GLUCK AND JOHANNA WAGNER.

(From an occasional Correspondent.)

BERLIN is the only city in Germany, or, indeed, in the world, where, in the course of a season, you are sure to hear one or more of Gluck's operas; and that alone, to a real lover of music, makes Berlin worth a visit. For consider what it is to hear a *chef-d'œuvre*, especially the *chef-d'œuvre* of a master not to be heard in other theatres! Consider the mingled instruction and delight derived from such a representation, compared with the mitigated mediocrity of worn-out French and Italian operas, represented by worn-out singers, or singers not worth wearing out! Consider what it is to hear Gluck in Germany, where the representations of Italian operas are, as Liszt wittily said to me one evening as we came from such a representation, like the railway imitated by a lumbering diligence! I love the Italian opera; I love its sensuous beauty, its "linked sweetness long drawn out;" I love its melodies and passionate phrases, not being very critical as to whether the music is wedded to very mortal verse, or whether it, strictly speaking, represents the proper feeling of the situation. I accept its faults for the sake of its beauties; but I demand Italian singers, and cannot quite enjoy, even in the easy after-dinner mood, the *à-peu-près* style of German singing. My real delights, therefore, in Germany, have been to hear Wagner's operas in Weimar, and in Berlin the operas of Beethoven and Gluck; because in these cases the interest of the music made one accept the mediocrity of the singers. But with Gluck there was the special interest, before hinted, of masterpieces to be heard nowhere else. It was like taking up *Tom Jones* or the *Vicar of Wakefield* after a course of French novel reading, to pass from a London opera season to the enjoyment of such a work as the *Orfeo*; not that I mean to slight French novels, nor the London opera season—both pleasurable things in their way—but the pleasure derived from a *chef-d'œuvre*, especially when mingled with a certain historical interest, is altogether of a higher kind. Gluck's music, although very learned, is the music of a man of genius, and appeals, therefore, to the common apprehension as

well as to the musical *erudite*. It has a certain quaintness and simplicity which reminded me of Dryden's prose, the slight traces of archaism only serving to set forth more vividly the manly vigour and beauty of the style. It is old new music—old in its instrumentation, old in a certain barren symmetry, occasionally approaching formality, and new with the eternal youth of genius, melody, and passion. Such marvellous musical declamation as is to be found in *Orfeo* and the *Iphigenia* I remember nowhere else; and if Johanna Wagner were to make her appearance in London in the character of "Orfeo," she would electrify the audience and conquer all the critics. I waited some time before seeing Johanna Wagner, repressing curiosity for the sake of doing her justice. It did not seem just to this artist to receive one's first impression of her in parts such as "Tancredi," "Fides," and "Lucrezia Borgia," wherein she would be overshadowed by the recollections of the mighty Pasta, the intense Viardot, and the glorious Gritti; for, even supposing that she equalled these great actresses, how could I think she equalled them, haunted by their images? To see her in "Orfeo" was to see her in a trying part, with no other standard than herself. It was worth waiting for. Johanna Wagner's excellence lies in dramatic singing. Her voice, without being magical, is a fine one, powerful, not of great compass, but tolerably even; a *mezzo soprano* rather than *contralto*, at least in quality, for her *soprano* range is limited. I know not what amount of execution in the voluble style she may possess, but her phrasing is large, passionate, and simple; her modulations exquisitely managed; her *pianissimo* delicate, yet full of *tintore*; and her mode of singing recitative equals that of the greatest singers. I still hear the passionate expression, the musical agony of despair which she threw into the recitative which precedes the *No perduto il vel sembiante* (an aria, by the way, which I recommend to any reader with a *contralto* voice, as worthy of her immediate study). Johanna's singing of this aria was one of those things which to hear is to remember through life. Unhappily, her voice is not high enough to enable her to take the part of "Iphigenia," so that when I procured the tickets, I made a wry face at finding no Johanna, but another was to be the heroine. Thanks to the lovely music, the treat was almost as great with the *Iphigenia* as with the *Orfeo*; the execution was inferior, but the music compensated. One thing very noticeable in this music, and especially grateful to those who have persisted in objecting to the modern style of instrumentation, which stuns the ear and drowns the voices of the singers in meaningless clang of brass and rolling of parchment, is, that Gluck contrives to produce the most consummate orchestral effects, such as the noisy incompetence of moderns never approaches, and he produces them by the simplest of all means, and the truest—namely, by *gradation*. Never once does his orchestra overpower the voices; never once does he make it a misery to sensitive nerves; and yet his storm and the hurrying agitation of the Furies are among the most expressive and powerful passages in descriptive music. When a man masters his orchestra in the way Beethoven, Mozart, and Gluck mastered it, he is never forced to recur to noise any more than a good writer is forced to recur to violence. When a man knows the value of words, he knows how to dispose them, so that very simple words shall fill with overwhelming effect. Unhappily our modern composers do not, for the most part, master their orchestra; they remind me of the bad writers described in *Friends in Council*, who use several epithets in the vague hope that one among them may be found to fit, with this difference, that their epithets are resonant brass and sonorous parchment.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

Tuesday, January 30.

BANKRUPTCY.—ROBERT DERMOT SULLIVAN, Great Yarmouth, shipowner—GEORGE BOYS, Belitha Villas, West, Barnsbury-park, wine merchant—JAMES DANIEL, Bugbrook, Northamptonshire, coal merchant—WILLIAM ROBERT SCHWONEK, Union-court, Old Broad-street, commission merchant—WILLIAM AND JOSEPH RAYEN, Fish-street-hill, wholesale stationers—THOMAS MASTERS, Crystal Palace Hotel and Bessiah Hotel, Norwood, hotel keeper—GEORGE HALL, Brighton, upholsterer—WILLIAM HUGHES, Shelton, Staffordshire, builder—JOHN LATIMER, Newcastle-under-Lyme, draper—GEORGE BAILEY, Walsall, innkeeper—WILLIAM GRANTON, Dudley, builder—EDMUND LLOYD OWEN, near Wolverhampton, mineral merchant—JOHN PHILLIPS, Broadwinson, Dorset, baker—JOHN HARRIS, Torquay, grocer—THOMAS RAMSEY and WILLIAM BRADFORD BAXTER, Baliford-bridge, Yorkshire, worsted spinners—THOMAS HODSON HODSON, Peckforton, near Beeston, Cheshire, cattle-dealer—WILLIAM RENNIE, JAMES JOHNSON, and WILLIAM RANKIN, Liverpool, shipwrights—JAMES SIDEBOTHAM, Manchester, grocer—JOHN RICHARDSON, Manchester, iron manufacturer.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—J. McGLASHAN Glasgow, merchant—D. McFARLANE, Oban, baker—W. and J. B. Low, Arbroath, drapers.

Friday, February 2.

BANKRUPTCY ANNULLED.—RICHARD DEEBYSHIRE, Liverpool, merchant.

BANKRUPTCY.—JOHN WATNEY, Wimbledon, Surrey, baker—WILLIAM SHIPMAN, Manchester, baker—JAMES CLAPTON, Exeter, provision dealer—JOHN BIRT, Gun Mills, Gloucester, paper manufacturer—SAMUEL SHEPPARD IRELAND, Brighton, cabinetmaker—HENRY GEORGE CABLE, Goswell-street, Clerkenwell, draper—HENRY BECKELL, Portsea, draper—JAMES SWANN, Coventry, Warwickshire, hardware and general dealer—WM. PERKINS, Birmingham, soda water dealer—WILLIAM HARVEY FLETCHER, Kidderminster, auctioneer—WILLIAM BROWN NASH, College-hill, Cannon-street, West, City, wine merchant—EDWARD HODGES BAILY, Newbarn-street, Oxford-street, Middlesex, sculptor—JOHN BEAUMONT, sen., and JOHN BEAUMONT, jun., Commercial-place, City-road, coachmakers.

SCOTCH SEQUESTRATIONS.—JAMES FORD, Edinburgh, provision merchant, &c.—JOHN SMITH, Cowcaddens, Glasgow, draper—ALEXANDER WHYTE, and Co., Glasgow, merchants, &c.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

BIRTHS.

COTTON.—Jan. 28, at 45, Clarges-street, Piccadilly, prematurely, the wife of Dr. Cotton: a son, who survived but a short period.

HOLMES.—Jan. 25, at Westover, Isle of Wight, the lady of the Hon. Wm. a Court House: a daughter.

MILLS.—Jan. 26, at No. 9, Grosvenor-square, the Lady Louisa Mills: a son.

MARRIAGES.

PIGOTT-RICKETTS.—Feb. 1, at Walcot Church, Bath, by the Rev. Loftus Cliffe, assisted by the Rev. William Wellington, the Rev. George O. Smyth Pigott, Rector of Kingston Seamount, Somerset, to Maria, only daughter of Alfred Ricketts, Esq., of Lansdown-crescent, Bath.

RUSSELL-NELSON.—Jan. 25, at Charlton Church, in the parish of Downton, Wills, Robert John Russell, Esq., of Great Finborough, in the county of Suffolk, to Laura Frances Catherine Nelson, eldest daughter of the late Thomas, second Earl Nelson.

DEATHS.

COOPER.—Jan. 27, at Isleworth House, Middlesex, Lady Cooper, relict of Sir William Henry Cooper, Bart., aged eighty-seven.

JONES.—Jan. 26, at the E. I. College, Haileybury, the Rev. Ed. Jones, M.A., for nearly twenty years Professor of Political Economy and History in that College, aged sixty-four.

KERR.—Jan. 24, at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, Lord John Montagu Hobart Kerr, youngest son of the late, and brother of the present, Marquis of Lothian, aged thirteen.

PHILLIMORE.—Jan. 24, at Shiplake House, Reading, Joseph Phillimore, Esq., D.C.L., Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Oxford, and her Majesty's Advocate in her Office of Admiralty, aged eighty.

ROBINSON.—Jan. 27, at Dyham Rectory, Gloucestershire, Sir George Best Robinson, Bart., formerly Chief Superintendent in China, aged fifty-seven.

Commercial Affairs.

MONEY MARKET AND CITY INTELLIGENCE.

Friday Evening, February 2, 1855.

CONSOLS have fallen somewhat during the week, principally owing to the Ministerial crisis; something is doubtless due to the continual arrival of private letters from the Crimea with the account of our gallant but unfortunate army, seemingly abandoned to the rigours of the climate, and consequent disease, owing to the fearful mismanagement of the transport and commissariat department. Yet, with all this, Consols are very strong—no real sales, that is the secret. At this time last year, when we had greater confidence in the speedy termination of the war, when we had the finest army that ever left England, untouched by disease or the sword, the Funds nearly reached 85. Now, with nearly half those brave men *hors de combat*, with the most gloomy prospects for the survivors in the Crimea, and to crown all, a Ministerial crisis, the Funds are between 91 and 92. The solution of this contradiction is, that last year large speculative sales took place in anticipation of a panic, the Bears were caught napping, and so roughly handled that they have not dared

to renew the experiment this year. The universal hope in the City seems to have been that Lord Palmerston should become War Minister, and form a temporary strong administration. The leading journals' recommendation of Lord Grey does not seem acceptable. To-night, one may suppose that some Ministerial arrangement will take place, and the Funds will probably rise 1 per cent. with a strong administration.

In the home railway market there has been a good deal of business transacted; prices are hardly so good. Turkish Bonds are somewhat flatter—76 about.

In the mining market there has been some demand for North British, Australasian, Australian, Cordillera, and South Australian copper; also Peninsular are slightly better. Crystal Palace are stationary at 34, 31 per share.

The New Metropolitan Railway from Paddington to the Post-office has issued a very promising prospectus; the works to be forthwith commenced.

Four o'clock.—Consols, close firmer at 91½, 91½, with an impression that Lord Palmerston has succeeded in forming a Cabinet.

Caledonians, 62, 62½ x. n.; Eastern Counties, 111, 111; Great Northern, 89, 90; Ditto (A Stock), 73, 74; Ditto (B Stock), 126, 126; South-Westerns, 64, 65; Birmingham, 100½, 100½; Lancashire and Yorkshire, 74½, 75; Berwickshire, 75½, 76; Yorks, 53½, 54; Midland, 60½, 61; Oxford, 31, 32; Antwerp and Rotterdam, 64, 65; Eastern of France, 32½, 33; Great Luxembourg, 24, 24; East Indian, 1, 1½ pm.; Ditto Extension, 1, 1½ pm.; Northern of France, 34½, 35; Paris and Lyons, 21½, 21½ pm.; Paris and Orleans, 47, 48; Paris and Rouen, 42, 44; Great Central of France, 23, 23 pm.; Namur and Liège, 63, 64; Western of France, 77, 77 pm.; Agua Frias, 1, 1; Colonial Gold, 1, 1; Linares, 63, 64; Imperial Brazil, 11, 11; Cacao, 1, 1; St. John Del Rey, 25, 26; Peninsular, 4, 4½ pm.; Waller Gold, 1, 1; South Australian Copper, 1, 1½ pm.; Australasian Bank, 80, 82; Oriental, 37, 39; Union Bank of Australia, 65, 67 x. d.; London Chartered Bank of Australia, 11, 11 pm.; North British Australasian Land and Loan, 1, 1½ pm.; Australian Scottish Investment, 1, 1½ pm.; Crystal Palace, 31, 31; Screw Steam, 13, 14; South Australian Land, 34½, 35; Australian Agricultural, 31½, 32 x. d.; Peel River, 21, 21.

CORN MARKET.

Mark Lane, Friday Evening.

ENGLISH Wheat declined 1s. to 2s. since last week. Holders of Foreign are firm, and the country markets are more active than London. Saida Wheat is in demand at 51s. to 52s., cost, freight and insurance for arrived cargoes. Barley is cheaper, which is the more remarkable, as the low qualities are 1s. to 2s. below the actual price of Oats, which are 51b. to 71b. per bushel cheaper. Egyptian Barley is worth 27s. f. o. b. in Alexandria, and Salonica as much. A cargo has been sold at 23s. 6d., cost, freight and insurance, arrived off the Coast. Oats are likewise rather cheaper, which is owing to considerable supplies, nearly 100,000 qrs. having arrived

In three weeks, but the general opinion seems to be, that prices will recover, as the dealers are very bare of stock. Beans are cheaper, and a cargo of Egyptian on passage has been sold at 35s., cost, freight and insurance.

BRITISH FUNDS FOR THE PAST WEEK. (CLOSING PRICES.)

	Sat.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thurs.	Frid.
Bank Stock	212	212	212	212	210	212
3 per Cent. Red.	91	91	91	91	91	91
3 per Cent. Con. An.	91	91	91	91	91	91
Consols for Account	91	91	91	91	91	91
2 1/2 per Cent. An.	77	77	77	77	77	77
New 2 1/2 per Cent.	47	47	47	47	47	47
India Stock	222	222	222	222	222	222
Ditto, £1000	14	14	14	14	14	14
Ditto, under £1000	11	11	11	11	11	11
Ex. Billa, £1000	7	7	7	7	7	7
Ditto, £500	4	4	4	4	4	4
Ditto, Small	4	4	4	4	4	4

FOREIGN FUNDS.

(LAST OFFICIAL QUOTATION DURING THE WEEK ENDING THURSDAY EVENING.)

Brazilian Bonds	100	Russian Bonds, 5 per
Buenos Ayres 6 per Cts.	102 1/2	Cents, 1822
Chilian 6 per Cents.	102 1/2	Russian 4 per Cents.
Danish 5 per Cents.	34	Spanish 3 p. Ct. New Def.
Ecuador Bonds	34	Spanish Committee Cert.
Mexican 5 per Cents.	21	of Coup. not full
Mexican 3 per Ct. for		Venezuela 3 1/2 per Cents.
Acc.		Belgian 4 per Cents.
Portuguese 4 per Cents.	41 1/2	Dutch 2 1/2 per Cents.
Portuguese 3 p. Cents.	98	Dutch 4 per Cent. Certif.

ROYAL OLYMPIC THEATRE

Lessee and Manager, Mr. A. WIGAN.

Monday and during the week, will be produced a New Comedietta, called **TIT FOR TAT**.

Principal Characters by Mr. Alfred Wigan, Mr. F. Robson, Mr. Emery, Miss Maskell, Miss E. Turner, and Miss Bromley.

After which, the New and Original Fairy Extravaganza, by J. R. Marché, Esq., called

THE YELLOW DWARF AND THE KING OF THE GOLD MINES.

To conclude with

A WIFE'S JOURNAL.

Mr. Brown.....Mr. Emery.

Mr. Brown.....Mr. Leslie.

Mrs. Brown.....Miss Maskell.

ADNAM'S Improved Patent Groats and Barley.

THE ONLY EXISTING PATENT.

And Strongly recommended by the Medical Profession.

TO INVALIDS, MOTHERS, AND FAMILIES.

LIES.—The important object so desirable to be obtained, has at length been secured to the Public by J. and J. C. ADNAM, PATENTEES, who, after much time and attention, have succeeded by their Improved Process in producing preparations of the purest and finest quality ever manufactured from the Oat and Barley.

To entrench the many advantages derived by the Public from the use of the Improved Patent Groats is not the intention of the Patentees; suffice it to say that, by the process of manufacture, the acidity and unpleasant flavour so generally complained of in other preparations is totally obviated, and very superior Gruel speedily made therefrom.

It is particularly recommended to those of consumptive constitutions, Ladies, and Children, and the healthy and strong will find it an excellent Luncheon or Supper.

The Barley being prepared by a similar process as pure as can be manufactured, and will be found to produce a light and nourishing Food for Infants and the Aged; and to contain all the necessary properties for making a delicious pudding. It has also the distinguishing character for making very superior Barley Water, and will be found a most excellent ingredient for thickening Soups, &c.

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MEDICINE.—For Indigestion (Dyspepsia), Constipation, Nervous, Bilious, and Liver Complaints, Cough, Consumption, and Debility. By DU BARRY'S delicious

REVALENTA ARABICA FOOD, which saves fifty times its cost in medicine.

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MARIA JOLLY, Wortham, Ling, near Diss, Norfolk."

1lb., 2s. 6d.; 2lbs., 4s. 6d.; 5lbs., 11s.; 12lbs., 22s.; super-refined, 1lb., 6s.; 2lbs., 11s.; 5lbs., 22s.; 10 lbs., 33s.

The 10 lb. and 12 lb. carriage free on receipt of a post-office order.

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Now for 15 Years before the Public, and still retaining its deserved pre-eminence, is CURED and SMOKED at CALNE, in WILTSHIRE, a district abounding in dairy farms, and offering peculiar facilities for the breed and fattening of Hogs.

It is SUPERIOR to all OTHER KINDS for its AGREEABLY STIMULATING FLAVOUR, and its freedom from saltiness; while it is a most excellent stomachic, and adapted for the most delicate constitution.

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STRAWBERRY BACON.

CHEESE, of extraordinary richness and fine flavour.

STILTON CHEESE, of the choicest dairies, rich and full of blue mould, are all worthy of notice for their surpassing quality and moderate price.

A remittance is requested from correspondents unknown to the Firm.

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Fine Rich Cheshire, by single Cheese	8 1/2
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	Fiddle Pattern.	Thread or Brunswick Pattern.	King's Pattern.
Tea Spoons, per dozen	18s.	25s.	30s.
Dessert Forks " "	30s.	40s.	45s.
Dessert Spoons " "	30s.	42s.	45s.
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Tea and coffee sets, waiters, candlesticks, &c., at proportionate prices. All kinds of re-plating done by the patent process.

CHEMICALLY PURE NICKEL NOT PLATED.

	Fiddle.	Thread.	King's.
Table Spoons and Forks, full size, per dozen	12s.	25s.	30s.
Dessert ditto and ditto	10s.	21s.	25s.
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STOVES for the economical and safe heating of halls, shops, warehouses, passages, basements, and the like, being at this season demanded, WILLIAM S. BURTON invites attention to his unrivalled assortment, adapted (one or the other) to every conceivable requirement, at prices from 10s. each to 30 guineas. His variety of registrar and other stoves, fenders and kitchen ranges, is the largest in existence.

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Catalogues, with engravings, sent (per post) free. The money returned for every article not approved of.

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Every watch is skillfully examined, timed, and its performance guaranteed.

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